

Shall the Wheels of Race Agitation be Stopped?

JOHN MITCHELL, Jr.,
Editor "The Richmond Planet."

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THE NEGRO RACE.



Mrs. MARSHALL WALTER TAYLOR.
(Mrs. Major Taylor.)
Hartford, Conn. See page 344.

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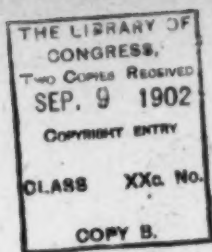
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MRS. MARSHALL WALTER TAYLOR, HARTFORD, CONN.
(Mrs. Major Taylor.)

See page 344.



THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1902.

No. 5

AIM HIGH.

REV. P. A. SCOTT.

Aim high, boys, be not contented
On the lower plain to rest;
Leave the vale of fear and doubting,
Sight the highlands, mount the crest!

At the tree-tops look, whose branches
You may stand among, somewhere,
And the glittering stars, whose glory,
Some day, you may proudly share.

Let no lurid skies appall thee,
Turn not from thy chosen field;
For, before undaunted courage,
Every barrier must yield.

Strength of will, and dint of purpose—
Harbingers of power and might—
Break the ramparts, storm the bulwarks,
Turning darkness into light.

Lives of great men set before us
Gleaming hopes, and brightening skies,
Showing us that fame and honor
Wait for those who strive to rise.

Aim high, then; wait not tomorrow,
For some cherished goal to start,
But today, go forth, with courage;
From thy purpose ne'er depart.

Work and pray, be ever mindful
Of the victories achieved
By the brave, who've fought, and conquered,
And the prize, with joy, received.

In the world's great field of action,
Stout thine heart, and ply thy brain;
Set thy meager world in motion,
By thy powers of might and main.

Know no fear, but that of evil,
Scorn no state, but that of slave;
Keep thy heart in truth and honor,
Manhood's banner proudly wave.

Press thy way; aim high, still higher;
Scale the mountain's lofty height;
Golden diadems of glory
Beckon thee to Freedom's light.

THE NEGRO IN CLASSIC MUSIC; OR, LEADING OPERA, ORATORIO AND CONCERT SINGERS.

PROF. THEODORE DRURY, NEW YORK CITY.

It has generally been supposed that the Negro could not, and moreover would never be able to, sing classic music; presumably for the reason that those heard most often nearly always sing rag-time music. There are, however, singers among the race who are devoting their best efforts to a higher class of music, and to these I shall devote my time and space.

In the first place, in my opinion, the salvation of the Negro lies in the development of the artistic side of his nature, and while many prominent advocates of industrial education seem to look with despair on all of the race who are musically inclined, it is a well known fact that a people or race is criticised from an artistic standpoint, as well as from a mechanical one. Why these leading advocates of industrial education would have us wait until we accumulate money before we study music, to me seems very queer as many of the greatest musicians

have sprung from very poor parents and amid most humble surroundings. Another point for thoughtful consideration is that the professional men in all the walks of life, have done as much to elevate the race in the last twenty-five years as farmers and mechanics could do in a hundred years.

While I do not desire to criticize the theories and methods of some of our most able advocates of industrial education, yet I think that the musical profession is quite as honorable, and presents as many opportunities for solving the Negro problem, as farming or some similar pursuit. It would be just as absurd to make farmers out of all Negroes, as it would be to make musicians of them all. Each person should follow as nearly as possible their own instincts in pursuit of any profession, and while we have not the same musical atmosphere in America that there is in Europe, we have at least vocal culture reduced to a science

and brought within the reach of all who are really anxious to acquire it.

The following singers of the race have done, and are doing, much to demonstrate the ability of the Negro in the very highest class of music:

Robert Diavole, *Semiramide*, *La Traviata*. She was on the program at the Worcester Musical Festival last season.

Miss Emma DeLyon, whose musical attainments won praise for her even from the days of her childhood, studied



Miss EMMA DELYON, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mrs. Estalla Pickney Clough, of Worcester, Mass., has won fame both as a pianist and a singer. She studied the piano under Henshaw Dane, and the voice with B. J. Hammond; later with the celebrated Madam Marie Peterson.

Mrs. Clough's voice is a truly beautiful soprano. Her repertoire, perhaps the most extensive of all our singers, she selects from such operas as *Faust*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Rigoletto*, *Norma*,

with the best teachers of Jacksonville, Fla., her home, and is in New York at present finishing her studies in such roles as *Martha*, *Marguerite in Faust*, and *Micaela in Carmen*. Her voice is a pure soprano, very high, rather sweet in quality, and is used with good effect. Miss DeLyon is also an accomplished pianist.

Madam Marie Selika, one of the first among the queens of song, was born in

✓ Ohio, studied first in Boston and later in Germany and London. As a singer she compares favorably with the great singers of the world. Such arias as the Shadow Song from Dinorah, Il Dolce Suono (Lucia), and many others were always sung in Italian. Selika sings in German also. Her greatest point was

the wealthiest churches of Boston for two years. He has recently returned from a most successful trip abroad, having sung in England, Germany and Russia. ✓

Mr. Theodore L. Pankey, of Little Rock, Ark., who has a brilliant lyric tenor, has had a very wide experience on



Mrs. GEO. W. ALLEN, NEW YORK, N. Y.

✓ her brilliant execution which was wonderful. She has sung before the late Queen Victoria of England, and most of the crowned heads of Europe. Owing to the conditions of race questions at present in America, Madam Selika spends most of her time abroad, where she meets with the greatest success.

✓ Mr. Sidney Woodward, born in Atlanta, Ga., received his musical training in Boston. His voice is a lyric tenor of fine quality. He was soloist in one of

the concert stage, and is studying music in New York with a view of doing a higher class of work. Mr. Pankey has everything in his favor.

Mr. H. T. Burleigh, soloist of St. George's Church, New York, is from Erie, Pa. After completing his collegiate course, Mr. Burleigh was admitted to the National Conservatory, where his fine barytone voice received its training. As an oratorio singer he stands at the head of the list in America, ✓

✓ regardless of race. Mr. Burleigh has written many beautiful songs, especially is this true of his Birthday Song. He speaks and sings in German and Italian, and is among the most successful vocal teachers of New York.

(Mrs. J. Robinson Stewart, born in Harrisburg, Pa., and who is now on an

Y., is fast winning laurels in Sweden. He speaks and sings in the Swedish language with perfect ease. His voice is a tenor. Mr. Jackson is well educated, apart from his musical gifts, and moves in Stockholm's most exclusive set for which he is admirably suited.

Miss Marguerita Scott is among the



MISS MARGUERITA SCOTT, NEW YORK, N. Y.

✓
— extended tour through Australia and South Africa, has a voice that, owing to its great power and resonance, is well suited to sing Brunhilde. She was trained at the Boston Conservatory and for several seasons was soloist at Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

We as a race have singers who sing in Italian, French, German and even Russian, but we have only one, to my knowledge, who can sing in Swedish.

Mr. H. N. Jackson, of Brooklyn, N.

very few of the race who can boast of having sung for New York's Four Hundred. Miss Scott was engaged to sing at Mrs. Wilbur Bloodgood's Musicales last season, and she made a decided success. She was born in Petersburg, Va. Her parents moved to New York while she was very young. She had evinced such marked talent for music that she was given instruction on the piano to begin with; and I would like to add that I think it most sensible for all singers to

make a study of some instrument. Miss Scott was admitted later to the National Conservatory of Music, where she made rapid progress in vocal culture under such celebrated teachers as Herr Saenger and Prof. Saphiro. Her voice is a beautiful soprano and she sings with remark-

Jacksonville, Fla., seems to have produced a wealth of talent when she claims such a man as Mr. Rosamond Johnson, a fine barytone and composer of operas. Mr. Johnson, while yet very young, has made a wonderful success as a musician. He has a class of fifty pupils in vocal



A. TALBOT, AS VIRGINIUS.

able ease the most difficult arias. Her ladylike and amiable disposition is doing much to add to her fame and fortune.

Miss Rachel Walker, of Cleveland, Ohio, is considered best in oratorio singing—her voice, a soprano, has that ringing quality that is so pleasing in all voices. Miss Walker I hear is in England on a concert tour.

culture and is organist of one of the leading churches of Jacksonville. He also composed the music of Miss May Irwin's new play, "The Belle of Bridgeport".

Madam Desseria Plato stands foremost as a dramatic soprano. Born in New York city, she has studied with several of the prominent teachers there. As a lyric actress she has no equal among

the other prima-donnas. Her voice is of astonishing compass and beauty; she sings with ease from G below the staff to E above high C. Madam Plato recently made a concert tour through the West with great success.

opera, and the part is one of the most trying. I recently heard her rehearsing "Marguerite" in Faust. She has just the voice for the part, and her high notes in the great trio in the last act would surprise the most skeptical critic. Suffice



THEODORE DRURY, IN THE OPERA "IL GUARANY."

She is a most deserving artist, having gone through many hardships to maintain the high position which she now holds. Her last appearance in New York was last May, when she sang the part of Carmen in Bizet's opera with wonderful success, considering that it was the first time she had ever appeared in

to say that Madam Plato has a future before her in opera.

Mr. S. Volosko, a barytone of great ability, has a voice of wonderful compass reaching from low E to A above the staff. Mr. Volosko enjoys an international reputation.

Madam Sisseretta Jones (Black

Patti), of Providence, R. I., has perhaps made more money than any other singer of the race. Her voice, a dramatic soprano, is brilliant in quality. Madam Jones is now traveling with her own company.

✓ Mr. Maximillian Nevarro, of California, a pupil of Prof. Pizerello, possesses a high tenor voice of great power

Miss Georgia E. Fowler has just returned from Europe, where she went with the Fisk Jubilee Singers a few years ago. While there Miss Fowler took lessons in voice culture and has greatly improved in her singing. Her voice is a light soprano of superb quality and wonderful height. ✓

Mr. Geo. Ruffin has a charming bary-



MISS EDITH A. LEONARD, NEW YORK, N. Y.

and resonance. He expects to finish his studies in Italy next year.

His Professor is very much pleased with the progress he is making in studying "Don Jose" in Carmen in French, and other operas of similar character.

He is a fine musician, having studied music in Fisk University from which he graduated two years ago. ✓

Miss Corrinne Marie Rovelto, of Pawtucket, R. I., is one of our youngest singers, beautiful in voice and features; a soprano pure and soft. She is receiving her training from Mrs. Isabella Saulsbury of Pawtucket.

tone voice, in quality bordering on a tenor. He has a position in the Boston Cathedral Choir and is also an organist and pianist. His repertoire is extensive and he makes his selections from such composers as Meyer Helmund, Franz Riese and Schumann.

That the race as a whole has made great advancement in music cannot for a moment be disputed. Many beautiful things have been composed for voice and piano as well. There are as well as vocalists, fine pianists, violinists and organists. They have great aptitude for opera as was proven last May when a perform-

ance of "Carmen" was given, an opera especially suited in spirit to the race.

That there are many admirable artists in the race is true, yet they realize the amount of hard work necessary before they shall have reached the ideal; but reach it they will.

That the singers of the race have not

Hurry is done in a manner that few readers before the public could improve upon.

Mr. Arthur Talbot, of Chatham, Can., certainly has as fine a voice as any reader could desire. It has power and resonance and he seems to pitch it in just the right key. It is never harsh, yet he can easily be heard to the furthest end of a



MRS. SARAH STRANGE SCROGGINS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

the field to themselves, goes without saying. We have readers who have also won fame both at home and abroad. Among the most successful is Miss Hallie Q. Brown, of Ohio, who recently returned from a tour through England and Scotland. Miss Brown's ability and untiring energy are simply wonderful. She has done much to hold up the dignity of the race in England and America. While abroad Miss Brown was under the patronage of Lady Somerset, Lady Rothchild and other titled personages.

Miss Marie L. Jackson, of Jacksonville, Fla., is proving herself a fine reader. Her rendering of the Chariot Race (Ben

hall, one of the principal things an elocutionist should study. He is making a study of tragedy under Prof. Lawrence at the New York School of Acting. In concerts he relies upon such pieces as "The Uncle", "For Honor's Sake", "Whispering Bells", etc.

Mr. Wm. Barker seems to have made a special study of Othello, and his voice and physique are admirably suited to the part. Mr. Barker does concert work as well, and is now on a Western tour. In concerts he is usually heard in such pieces as "The Death of King John", "The Raven", "Antony's Address", etc.

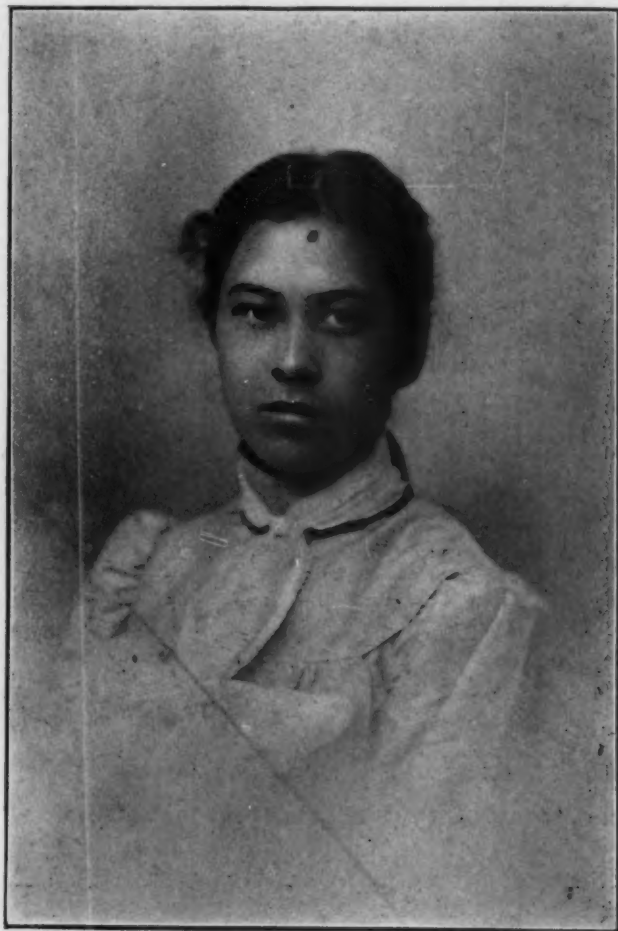
Mrs. E. Williams, Albany, N. Y., has

won for herself a wide reputation on the concert stage. Her rendition of "The Maniac", in which she shows so much dramatic fire and emotion, cannot be surpassed. Mrs. Williams has played the leading part in "East Lynn" for several seasons.

Madam H. V. Davis, of Washington,

could not have some amusement, so when Madam Napoleon's name is on the program, we know what to expect. Her artistic way of giving Negro dialect has made her reputation in New York. She recites from Dunbar especially.

Mrs. Joseph, of New York, is one of our most finished readers. To hear Mrs.



MISS CORRINNE MARIE ROVELTO, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

D. C., has had a most successful career. She had her own company last season playing East Lynn and other plays—she also engages in concert work.

Mr. Melvin Chism, of Dallas, Texas, studied in the School of Dramatic Arts, New York, and has played parts in Othello and other plays with success. He is an enthusiastic student.

Life would not be worth much if one

Joseph recite selections from some classic play is an enjoyment not to be soon forgotten. She is really a delightful artist.

Mrs. Geo. W. Allen, who for several years has been a pupil at Cooper Institute under such a celebrated teacher as Prof. Zachos, which is a recommendation in itself, has but to be heard to convince one of her talent. She has recently fin-

ished the course at the above school and will now enter upon a line of concert work. Where she won gold, as medals, in her class work, she will now win it in a different form. Mrs. Allen reads with much success the Chariot Race, Virginius, Schiller's Diver, etc. She has a well modulated voice and makes a

Rarely are readers good actors; only in the case of such great stars as Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Booth and a few others would one be pleased with a recitation given by an actor. In Mr. Henri Strange, however, we have both actor and reader. He received his training at the National School of Elocution in Phil-



MR. MAXIMILLIAN NEVARRO OF CALIFORNIA.

pleasing appearance on the stage, being of graceful carriage. She is highly intellectual and her success as a reader is assured.

Miss Edith Leonard is one of the prettiest girls in St. Mark's Lyceum, where her natural talent for reading is being developed. She has won the prize at two of the contests that are given yearly at the Lyceum.

adelphia, his home, where he has done more than any one man to develop that city's taste for the classic drama. He has a repertoire of plays that equals that of any star before the public to-day. He gave Shylock a few seasons ago, with full cast, in one of Philadelphia's leading theatres with wonderful success, and from time to time has given Othello, The Bells, Hamlet and Richard III.

V On the concert stage Mr. Strange stands without a rival. His reading from Poe, James Whitcomb Riley, Dunbar and many others proves him the genius that he is.

Mrs. Sarah Strange Scroggins, of Philadelphia, Pa., the leading lady in

Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar is perhaps the most celebrated literary man we have. Born in Dayton, Ohio, his writings of Negro dialect are considered the best before the public to-day. Mr. Dunbar is constantly in demand for concerts. Season before last he made a tour through



MADAM DESSERIA PLATO, NEW YORK, N. Y.

V Mr. Henri Strange's company, has made her greatest success as Portia. Her voice is of good power and resonance. In concerts she makes her selections principally from Shakespeare. The Sleep Walking scene in Lady Macbeth is a favorite of Mrs. Pedro's which she recites beautifully, usually in costume.

Mr. D. Macon Webster, a leader in literary work and patron of art, is a talented speaker. Before an audience Mr. Webster's manner is gentle but forceful. He is one of our successful lawyers.

England under the management of Mr. Pond, where his readings were a great novelty.

It is not my intention to write a panegyric on what the race has done, though, under the adverse circumstances with which they are burdened, it is plain to me, if they can get equal opportunity, they will rise superior to their present environments.

I offer all encouragement possible to those who are inclined to a professional life. The idea that it is overcrowded is nonsense. There is always a place for a

brilliant man or woman, but what they must do above all things is, specialize. The aim must be to be better than any one on earth in a special line and when you have reached that point, matters of race will be secondary.

ing. Every year brings some new movement that proves conclusively that we are rising. A race that can boast of such talent need have no fear of the future. As time rolls on and truth gets a hearing, it may expect to take the place in the an-



THEODORE L. PANKEY, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

It would be impossible to mention all that are worthy in this short paper. Suffice it to say in conclusion that we as a race are getting on an independent foot-

nals of history that becomes its efforts.

The courtesy extended our artist in the publication of this article, I am sure will be fully appreciated by the entire race.



MARSHALL WALTER TAYLOR (Major Taylor),
THE WORLD-FAMOUS BICYCLE RIDER.

G. GRANT WILLIAMS.

Mr. Marshall Walter Taylor was born in Indianapolis, Ind., November 8, 1878, commenced to ride a bicycle at the age

Mr. Munger told him that he must not drink intoxicating liquors, nor use tobacco in any form; go to bed early at



MARSHALL WALTER TAYLOR (Major Taylor).

of thirteen years, and won many interesting road races in western cities. In the fall of 1895 he came east with Mr. Munger and located in Worcester, Mass. On one occasion, Mr. Munger while talking with him about his good riding and the possibilities of his future, told him to do as he directed and that some day he would be the world's champion. How well his prediction came true we will soon learn, as we follow his career.

night and rise early mornings; be regular in his athletic exercises. Although but a boy, he considered what Mr. Munger had told him, and as he never dissipated in his life, it was not hard for him to follow the routine.

He has made his home in Worcester since he has been east except one winter when he lived in Middleton. During his stay in Middleton, he entered a road race in New Haven and defeated the fa-

mous R. M. Alexander of the Milburn Road Race fame; he also won a number of Amateur events. While in Middleton he worked at his trade of machinist and tool maker. The Superintendent says it was always one of Major's traits to see how fast he could do everything, and he would always have the machinery geared to the highest mark and turn out nearly double the amount of work as his fellow workmen.

He entered the six day race at Madison Square Garden, fall of 1896, which was his first professional race; he proved to be equal to the task and finished in eighth place, scoring over eighteen hundred miles.

This was the first time that the name of Major Taylor became so popular. His staying qualities interested everybody, besides he was only eighteen years of age and small for his age. In the spring of 1897 he commenced sprint racing and made some records which still stand untouched up to January 1, 1902. His paced record for $\frac{1}{4}$ mile is 20 seconds; $\frac{1}{2}$ mile is 41 seconds; 1 mile 1.22 2-5 seconds; 1 mile with shield 1.19 seconds. Unpaced Records: $\frac{1}{4}$ mile 25 4-5 seconds; $\frac{1}{2}$ mile 55 2-5 seconds.

He has met and defeated every rider of note in America, and has never lost but one match race when only two men contested, and that was with Jacquelin, the French Champion, whom he defeated in their second meet with ease.

In early spring the weather in Paris is too cool to train, and in order to keep warm it was necessary to have a fire in training quarters, therefore Major Taylor could not get into proper condition on the other side until the last of May. He has ridden under disadvantages two seasons because of the cold weather and rain.

In 1901 he made his first visit to Europe, and entered twenty-five races and won twenty-one firsts.

He returned to America July 4, 1901, and, after being sea-sick and without eating for four days, he rode an exhibition with motor pace at the Manhattan Beach track in 1.33, and left immediately for his home in Worcester, Mass., where

he was stricken ill, remaining in bed for several weeks.

Mr. Taylor signed with the N. C. A. to ride the circuit, before he sailed for Europe. He is without doubt the best drawing card on the cycle track today. Because of this fact, Chairman Bachelder, of the N. C. A. Racing Board, issued an order for Major Taylor to ride at each Championship meet of the N. C. A., sick or well, else pay a fine of \$100.00 for each non-appearance, and his fines amounted to \$300.00. The N. C. A. Racing Board met at Hotel Heublien the last of July 1901, and Major was reinstated; and he did not pay the fines. In 1900, Major Taylor and Nat Butler were fined \$500.00 for non-appearance. The board reinstated Mr. Butler without cost but forced Major to pay his \$500. Therefore Major made a declaration that he would not pay any more fines to the N. C. A. and that he would quit the track first—unnecessary to say he has not been fined since.

After his return last season from abroad when he commenced to ride he won three straight races, then it is said the entire bunch combined against him and did him every available mean trick simply because he would not split the purse. Kramer is said to have divided with the riders in every race, and they fouled Major on one occasion, he being thrown and laid up for ten days. Another time he was forced over the bank and landed on his head, which again laid him up for two weeks with the skin peeled from his entire right side. Notwithstanding his flesh being all raw and sore, Chairman Bachelder tried to force him to ride. Major again declined to ride and said what money he had he intended to keep and would not pay fines. He finally recovered and started out on the circuit again with Kramer over 50 points ahead of him. In several weeks he was a close second to Kramer who led him by eight points. The season closed at Hartford with a five mile championship; Kimbie and Kramer had Taylor in a pocket, he in some way managed to escape and in making his famous sprint his toe clip broke and his foot slipped

from the pedal, he continued the race with one foot and won the third prize, but lost the 1901 N. C. A. Championship.

During the season of 1901, there were thirty-seven N. C. A. Championship races. Major Taylor was absent from fifteen of them; they began July 8th and ended Sept. 16th. In these Championships, except increased points events, a winner received four points, second rider two points and the two beaten riders in semi-finals one point each.

Five double point championships were decided. Major Taylor won three and came in second in one, and third in the last by accident. The following table shows the standing of the four leaders at the close of the season:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	Points.
Frank Kramer...	12	7	11	80
Major Taylor...	9	5	5	66
Iver Lawson....	8	4	5	55
W. S. Fenn.....	2	6	7	34

The following are the N. C. A. Champions for 1901:

Grand Circuit Champion, F. L. Kramer.

Quarter Mile Champion, Major Taylor.

One-third mile Champion, Major Taylor.

Half mile Champion, not decided.

One mile Champion, Major Taylor.

Two mile Champion, W. S. Fenn.

Five mile Champion, F. L. Kramer.

Two mile Champion, Iver Lawson.

Twenty-five mile Champion, F. L. Kramer.

Major Taylor won the L. A. W. Championship in 1898, also won the 1899 L. A. W. Championship, and he won the N. C. A. Championship in 1900.

Mr. Taylor takes defeat and victories just as cool and unconcerned as if nothing had happened; he says that he does not ride a bicycle because he likes it, but it is simply a matter of business and he earns his living by riding a wheel, he is not a sport, does not believe in attending clubs nor theatres, and does not drink, chew, smoke nor gamble in any way and is exceptionally strict and exemplary in his habits.

There is one strange feature about this little man; during his whole life time, he

has never made a bet or wager of one cent on anything, being a devout Christian and a member of the Baptist church in Worcester, Mass., believes in prayer and carries a testament in his bag at all times and can be found many times reading a passage of the scripture in his training quarters. He never boasts of his riding ability and will positively not tolerate gambling nor swearing, and will excuse himself from the presence of anyone who does either. In many instances he has rented a room near the track to avoid listening to the bad language used by many of the riders after a race. It is said when their plans had not worked satisfactorily, at the close of last season's races when Kramer won the 1901 Championship, the riders had all retired to the training quarters to be rubbed down, McFarland commenced to bulldoze Major Taylor as soon as he entered the quarters. McFarland and Kramer had bought up all of the fast riders to try and keep Major back, and in trying to assist them to do so he fell and caused another rider to fall and both of them were badly skinned and bruised. McFarland who is over six feet tall was walking up and down the floor of the training quarters, cursing every one who came near him for fear that they might touch his bruised wounds. When Kramer and Taylor entered he said to Major, "Mr. Taylor, allow me to present to you our White Champion of the L. C. A. for 1901—Mr. Kramer." Major thanked him and congratulated him and then said to him, "Kramer, you used to be a gentleman and an honest rider before you associated with that man McFarland, but I regret to say that since you have been in his company that you are crooked and always will be, just so long as you associate with him. I am glad you have the Championship, but sorry that you have let McFarland have all of your money, and it is very foolish in you to double up with a man like him as he cannot ride fast enough to be of any service to you in a race. You have the Championship and McFarland has your money.

"What money I have won I have got, and I don't intend to split my purse with anyone; except two parties, they are the

Hotel Keeper and the Railroad, for my board and transportation." Kramer replied with oaths and told Taylor, "that his cork was pulled," and that he pulled his foot out of the strap on purpose for an excuse. Taylor replied, "that is not so, as my trainer has the portion of the toe clip which broke, and if it had not broken, Kramer, the result would have been different, and if you think my cork was pulled I will go on the track with you as soon as the Grand-stand is clear and ride you one mile and beat you, if you will ride square, which is something that you have not done this season." Kramer refused to ride except for a bet, and Major would not bet but told Kramer the first time that he met him in a match race if he dared to ride one that he would show him that he could defeat him. McFarland broke silence and said, "Major, I know that I am crooked, but I am not a d— hypocrite like you are," Major replied, "Well, Mr. McFarland, if I am a hypocrite as you say it is by being associated with you and your kind." None of the Track promoters were satisfied with the way Kramer had acted and did not believe that the riders had given Major Taylor a fair show, therefore several weeks after the Circuit-races closed, a match race was arranged between Taylor and Kramer at Madison Square Garden, one mile best two in three for a purse of \$600; winner to take all and the indoor Championship of America.

Madison Square Garden was packed, the judges were stationed and at the pistol shot the two rivals started out, Taylor had blood in his eye for what Kramer had said to him about his "cork" in Hartford. Kramer had the pole until the eighth lap, then Taylor started one of his famous sprints, Kramer heard Taylor coming and left his position at the pole and deliberately rode to the top of the steep track to cut Major off, but Major had started and intended to get that \$600 and satisfaction, so he set himself and Kramer ran into him and fell down the bank. Taylor won by a lap, Kramer protested and claimed a foul, but the judges would not allow it as Taylor was to the extreme outside and Kramer left the pole to cut him off.

The gong sounded the second heat. Kramer came out mad as a wild bull, but it did not make any impression on the little Major. The Garden Track is ten laps to the mile. When they started out for the heat Taylor forced Kramer to take the place and in this heat he jumped Kramer in the sixth lap instead of the eighth before Kramer got down to attempt to block him. Kramer also started his sprint and caught Major at the turn, Major looked under his arm and saw the Jersey flyer was dangerously close and put on another burst of speed and left Kramer like a shot, and won by a good margin.

March 25th Major Taylor sailed for Europe to fill a two months contract; the weather was too cool to train and Major was unable to reduce his weight during his entire trip. When he entered his first race he weighed 153 lbs. and when he rode his last race he weighed 160 lbs. He rode in different parts of Europe and was compelled to ride sometimes two days to reach a certain point, and the day he arrived he would have to get off the train and immediately enter the race without any training, while those whom he had to meet had been training for weeks and had not been riding on any trains. To make matters worse there were no sleeping cars and he would have to ride in the ordinary day coaches.

During his stay in Europe this season he met and defeated the Champion of every country. The following is his record while abroad 1902:

Race No. 1, Paris, France, May 8th. One mile open, Major Taylor winner; Rutt, second; Jenkins, Champion of England, third.

Race No. 2. Manuscript, Holland, May 13th. Champion of Holland who won the world's Championship in 1900, the race was one mile, best two in three heats; Major Taylor won, defeating Myers two straight heats.

Race No. 3. Arras, France, May 15th. Three cornered race, Major Taylor won three straight heats defeating Bourotte and Grouda.

Race No. 4. Berlin, Germany, May 19th. Three cornered race, Major Tay-

lor the winner, two straight heats, defeating Arend and Rutt.

Race No. 5. Berlin, Germany, May 20th. Major Taylor shut out.

Race No. 6. Hanover, Germany, May 22nd. Three cornered race, Arend winner, Major Taylor 2nd, Root 3rd.

Race No. 7. Brunswick, Germany, May 24th. Three cornered race, Huber winner, Major Taylor 2nd, Arend 3rd. Huber fouled Taylor by forcing him off the track into the grass, the judges could not speak German, therefore matters could not be adjusted except by signs.

Race No. 8. Anvers, France, May 26th. Three cornered race, Myers winner, Major Taylor 2nd, Grona 3rd.

Race No. 9. Vervin, France, May 27th. Match Race, Major Taylor winner, beating Gronda two straight heats.

Race No. 10. Koln, Germany, May 29th. Three cornered race, Rutt winner, Major Taylor 2nd, Ellegurie 3rd.

Race No. 11. Turin, Italy, May 31. Special match race with Champion of Italy, Monco, Major Taylor won, beat him over two lengths.

Race No. 12. Paris, France, June 2nd. Match race with Rutt, Champion of Germany, Major Taylor won two straight heats.

Race No. 13. Copenhagen, Denmark, June 3rd. Match race with Ellegurd, world's Champion 1901, Major Taylor beat him two straight heats.

Race No. 14. Hanover, Germany, June 4th. Match race with Bourotte, Champion of France, Major Taylor won two straight heats.

Race No. 15. Calais, France, June 5th. One mile open, all nations, Major Taylor won two straight heats.

Race No. 16. Calais, France, June 5th. One mile handicap, Major Taylor (scratch) winner.

Race No. 17. Leipsic, Germany, July 6th. Three cornered race, Major Taylor winner, Rutt second, Arend 3rd.

Race No. 18. Berlin, Germany, June 9th. Match race with Rutt, Champion of Germany, Major Taylor won two straight heats.

Iver Lawson of America rode six races and did not qualify while in Europe this

Spring, he also had a Motor race with Jacquelin and lost in two straight heats.

The following are the Champions whom Major Taylor defeated while abroad 1902:

Myers, Champion of Holland, 2 straight heats.

Gronda, Champion of Belgium, 2 straight heats.

Rutt, Champion of Germany, 2 straight heats.

Momi, Champion of Italy, 2 straight heats.

Bourotte, Champion of France, 2 straight heats.

Borden, Champion of England, 2 straight heats.

He also challenged Jacquelin to ride a match race but Jacquelin declined, saying he did not have time to get in good enough condition to defeat Taylor.

The French people were very much elated over Taylor's riding and invited him to return either in the fall or spring.

When Mr. Taylor arrived in this country, he said that he felt much better than he did on his return last season. He did not sign to ride with the N. C. A. before he left for Europe and this season he enjoyed a brief rest after a hard European campaign at his beautiful home in Worcester, Mass., with his bride before starting to ride in the American races.

May 21st Major Taylor signed to ride the 1902 N. C. A. Circuit. His first race was at Washington, D. C. There were four men in the final and Major was pocketed and could not get out. Last year there were but two men. This was done by the Chairman of the Racing Board who was not friendly to Taylor and believes that a white man should be the N. C. A. Champion. With two men in the final, Taylor is very apt to be the best, as it stands now, he has not one chance in fifty as he positively will not divide his winnings with the other riders; they therefore favor Kramer who pays them well to keep Taylor in a pocket.

One of the riders said this season that he had nothing against Taylor, but Kramer paid him \$125 last September before the race started to help keep Tay-

lor back. This season he has started the same game and his own townsmen were disgusted with his foul methods, and hissed him, then cheered Taylor who was kept in a pocket by Kimble and Lawson.

The Hartford Times says, "the track promoters do not believe that the man lives that can defeat Major Taylor in an honest match race with only one other man on the track besides himself."

The following clipping from the New York Sun, July 30th, will show that even the whites are growing disgusted:

To the Editor of The Sun—Sir: On the Vailsburg track last Saturday, the spectators had it plainly demonstrated that all hands were out to kill the chance of Taylor to score a win over Kramer.

Taylor won both of his heats in the half-mile national championship with ridiculous ease and there were thousands who expected to see him land the final, but what was the result? They lined up with Kramer on the pole, then Taylor, Lawson and Kimble. At the gun Taylor dropped in back of Kramer, and Lawson forced Taylor off into the dirt. Entering the bell lap, Kimble had the pole with Kramer second. On the bank Kimble swings up and drops down beside Taylor, leaving Kramer a free pole, while Lawson closes up on the other side of Taylor, so that when they entered the straight he was jostled and held fast until he had to sit up. Of course Kramer won, but there were hundreds, yes thousands, who would have given the price of admission to see Taylor have a good square chance at him. Is there no way to prevent such contemptible tricks as are repeatedly put up by some riders who would secretly rejoice if they could upset Taylor and cripple him? Such riding is unworthy of decent, self-respecting and sport loving people. It makes a white man blush to know that a colored rider is to-day, with the exception of Willet Fenn, the banner man for clean sport and gentlemanly conduct.

Come, now, what we want is to determine the ability of these two men, Taylor and Kramer, when alone on the track, so I ask The Sun to use its efforts to bring about a series of match races with Willie Fenn as pacemaker to the bell lap.

The N. C. A. and all its angels could not rob the colored man then of a chance to do his best. Yours truly,

LOVER OF CLEAN SPORT.

Before he went to Europe the first time a representative came over from Paris and offered Mr. Taylor \$1,000 to ride Sunday races, and said that the people would not come out any other day as they would on Sunday. Mr. Taylor refused, as he positively did not ride on Sunday under any consideration. Later he accepted an offer of \$3,500 and no Sunday races. The result was after he had won several races he changed the European idea, as nearly 30,000 people were present at one of his races. Many people often wonder why Taylor will not ride a wheel on Sunday. It is not so much of his belief, but apparently more on account of his mother, who always was opposed to his riding a bicycle on Sunday, and even up to her death she still asked him not to do it. He believes that the prayers of a good mother follow one to the grave. He has been very successful thus far by following her advice.

He has said that if he won \$1,000,000 in a Sunday race that he does not believe it would do him any good, and that some ill luck would surely follow.

Major Taylor mother's was a devout Christian, and her son is likewise. Before each race he has a brief silent prayer, for he says if anything should happen to him he wants to be prepared to die. He was also very much devoted to his sister, Miss Gertrude Taylor. Several years ago she was stricken ill and continued to grow worse. He could not get the proper accommodation for her unless she went to the hospital. This he would not permit, so he purchased his present beautiful residence of seven rooms at No. 2 Hobson avenue, Worcester, Mass. Miss Taylor was removed there. She was delighted with her new home, but was only able to leave her room once after she had entered. After lingering a few months death ended her suffering. From then until

his marriage to Miss Daisy V. Morris last March, Mr. Taylor kept house by himself, and when not racing he was constantly making alterations and repairs, and now he has as pretty a little home as any one could wish. There are not many things about a house that Mr. Taylor cannot do.

It is also asked why he is called Major. This title was given him when he was in command of a drum corps. He is also a trick bicycle rider and can do most anything he wishes on a wheel. This has played a very important part in his European racing. The riders on the other side always make their opponent set the pace. To avoid this, Major stops his wheel and sits upright and balances it without going forward.

There have also been many inquiries as to when he intended to retire. He says "that when he finds that he is unable to keep up with the bunch and loses his speed, he will retire at once." If such is the case, it is hard to tell when he will retire, as he is riding now faster than ever, and has broken two world's records by a few seconds while in Europe this season.

Taylor has never defeated a competitor with as much satisfaction as when he beat Kramer in their first match race in 1900. Taylor made overtures to a bicycle firm to ride their wheel just before he was reinstated in 1900. They told him point blank that "they had engaged Kramer, whom they considered the 'King Pin of all bicycle riders in America.'"

Major retired from their office and vowed that "if he ever met Kramer in a match race he would have another think coming." A match race was finally arranged—one-mile heats, best two in three, winner to take all. Taylor won two straight heats; in the half mile he beat Kramer twenty yards.

When he first started to ride, a colored man was not allowed on the circuit tracks, but by degrees he has won the esteem of not only the race promoters, but the public generally, and colored men can ride on any track in the world.

On the morning of March 25th, 1902,

when Major Taylor was about to sail for Europe, he was met in the Grand Central Station, New York City, by a representative of the N. C. A., who tried to induce him to sign. Major refused, saying that he had been treated unfairly by Mr. Batchelder last season by being fined for non-appearance when he was ill and could not ride, and that Kramer and others had been excused at their own option.

The representative tried every available way to make him sign, but Major would take no chances and he did not sign to ride the circuit races until after he had returned in July and had several weeks' rest unmolested. All around the entire circuit his presence was missed and the attendance was very small, but as soon as it was announced that Major Taylor would ride, standing room was almost at a premium.

To show the inhuman traits of A. G. Batchelder, Chairman of the Racing Board and Correspondent for the New York Journal cycle column, read the following, which is a clipping from the New York Sun, July 11, 1901:

Worcester, July 10.—Unless A. G. Batchelder, Chairman of the N. C. A. Racing Board, remits the fines imposed upon Major Taylor, America's sprinting champion, the latter will drop out of the racing game. Batchelder has ordered Taylor "sick or well" to appear and ride at all National Circuit cities under penalty of \$100 for each race. Taylor contends he is sick with stomach trouble, resulting from his trip across the water. Since arriving at Worcester the dusky rider has confined himself to his home at Columbus Park, and is daily attended by his family physician. Certificates of his physical condition have been handed to the head of the N. C. A. by G. Buckner, Taylor's trainer, who made the trip from this city to New York for this purpose. Batchelder treated Taylor's messenger with little consideration, and told him that unless the Major rode at once he would blacklist the Worcester rider. Major Taylor says positively that he will pay no more

finer to N. C. A. officials. He adds that unless Batchelder remits the four fines of \$100 each he will be forced to quit the track. He has sought for justice; has stated his condition to Batchelder and given proof of his incapacity to ride, and finds only the answer to it all in "Sick or well, you must ride at each National Circuit meet." Dr. Comey, who is in attendance upon Taylor, vouches for his patient's illness. Not before next week will he allow the Major to do any work. The Major says he will do a little limbering up Monday, but does not expect he will do any racing for a couple of weeks, even if Batchelder does remit the fines imposed.

Providence, July 10.—Major Taylor failed to come to the scratch this evening in the National Championship races at the Coliseum and was fined \$100 for his non-appearance. The colored rider sent a telegram in the afternoon pleading illness.

It has been noticed that no mention was made in the Journal this year of Major Taylor's success abroad, but when he lost they gave him a big space. This was due to Mr. Batchelder's prejudice, as he wanted a white and not a black champion of the N. C. A. He is favorable to Kramer, and to make matters easier they now have four men in the finals this year instead of two, as they had last. This allows them a chance to pocket their game.

The following clipping from the New York Sun, August 10, 1902, will show how the riders treat Taylor this season:

Major Taylor, the dusky champion of 1900, won a championship race yesterday at Manhattan Beach. He defeated Kramer, Kimble and Fenn in the final heat, after having been fouled by Bowler in his trial heat and riding second to Fenn in his semi-final after a close fight to the tape against Eddie Bald. In connection with these incidents there were enacted scenes of enthusiasm such as have not been seen at the seashore track since the days of Jimmy Michael. Such storms of indignation as broke loose when the colored

boy was first pocketed and then fouled in the preliminary heat never were known there.

It was Taylor's second victory over Kramer in a fair finish this year. He won a quarter of a mile race a week ago at Ottawa, Canada. The race of yesterday was at a third of a mile, a single lap of the track, and therefore a sprint all the way. In Taylor's preliminary heat he fell in behind Ball on the pole. Bowler drew alongside of him, with Hadfield and Jacobson close up and going abreast behind. Taylor was pocketed all the way. He tried to get through on the pole coming up the stretch, but could not. Bald was first, Bowler second and Kramer third. There was a tremendous howl from 5,000 spectators. Taylor protested Bowler on the ground that the latter had bumped into him on the turn. Bowler admitted it, said it was an accident, and was disqualified, thus admitting Taylor to the final. The cause of the disqualification was not announced; the crowd had not seen the foul and thought Bowler was disqualified for forming the pocket and screamed with delight. When Taylor's wheel was carried out for the semi-final it was found at the tape to have a punctured tire. Again there was a howl of derision and a storm of hisses. In the semi-final Taylor managed to get through on Fenn's wheel, but Bald gave him a tussle up the stretch that left Taylor the second place by only a few inches.

In the final they lined up with Fenn on the pole, Kramer next, Taylor third and Kimble on the outside. Fenn and Taylor had declared for team work under the rule, and they showed a magnificent piece of teaming. Kramer and Kimble got in front and riding wide, jockeying to prevent Taylor from going to the front with Fenn, rode too wide, and Fenn suddenly darted in to the pole. Taylor caught his wheel quick, and out they went in the lead. Coming out of the turn Fenn dropped Taylor, Kramer and Kimble came up abreast of Taylor, and he beat them both out in one of the prettiest and

fairest sprints ever seen. Taylor won by half a length from Kimble, and Kramer was an open length back. The crowd was wild with delight. Hats, canes and umbrellas were thrown high and the cheering lasted for minutes. A little later, when the five-mile race was called, another shout of scorn and disapproval was caused by the announcement that Major Taylor had been excused from starting because he had no more tires. He had three with him, but all had been punctured.

Major Taylor seldom makes a protest or boast. When asked why he does not fight for his rights, he replied it is better satisfaction to get them before a big crowd and win the prize and then let them fight among themselves. I make mention of these facts because so many people wonder why Major Taylor doesn't win every race he enters. As a matter of fact, he cannot beat all of the riders and the N. C. A. Racing Board together. Major Taylor when in a race watches his competitors, and whenever he sees an opening he jumps to the front and never says a word.

If we as a race would take advantage of every opening and opportunity that presents itself, and talk less, the solution of this tireless Race Problem would be close at hand.

Ever since the announcement of Major Taylor's marriage, the curious public have been more than anxious to see, or even read of, the lady who won the heart of a man who has never been beaten in a match-race until Cupid arranged a race of hearts' affections which resulted in his losing his first match race, and yet winning the dearest and best prize of all his racing career—Miss Daisy Victoria Morris. Mrs. Major Taylor was born in Hudson, N. Y. She is a graduate of the Hudson Academy. During her school days she was a great admirer of out door athletics and was considered the best all round girl athlete in college. After leaving school she went to Hartford, Conn., and resided with her relatives, the Rev. and Mrs. Louis H. Taylor, of the A. M. E. Zion Church. In May, 1897, Rev. Taylor

was transferred to the church in Worcester, Mass., and Miss Morris accompanied the family and remained in Worcester until her marriage.

During her three years' stay in Hartford she made many friends and was esteemed by all who knew her. She was very prominent in the social circles and was an ardent worker in the Amphion Social Club, of which she was a member. The club was composed of Hartford's best society young people, and gave a number of interesting entertainments, consisting of dramas and concerts, in which Miss Morris was always a very important factor. She was also a member of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Sumner Club.

Miss Morris was always averse to publicity, and her picture has never appeared in any paper in this country and only once in a foreign country, and that was in a magazine in Paris, France, in 1901. Her engagement to Major Taylor was known by a number of her intimate friends, but none knew the date of the marriage.

Early in March Miss Morris went to Ansonia, Conn., ostensibly to visit. March 21, 1902, the marriage occurred. The Rev. L. H. Taylor officiated, and only a few relatives were present. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor returned to Worcester, Mass., at once to their beautiful home, No. 2 Hobson avenue. Mrs. Taylor is a most beautiful woman, an ideal hostess, a charming and brilliant conversationalist.

March 25th Mr. Taylor sailed for Paris, France, his bride accompanied him as far as Grand Central Station, New York city, and then returned to Ansonia, Conn., where she remained with relatives until he returned in July. Mrs. Taylor said that she did not care to accompany her husband to Paris, notwithstanding she had only been married but four days; she considered it a business trip. In the near future Mr. Taylor intended to take her all through Europe on a pleasure trip, which will be very much more agreeable to both as he will not have anything to worry him during his travels.

Ever since Mr. Taylor began to ride

the N. C. A. circuit this year she has accompanied him, and sits quietly and enjoys the races, and no one would ever know that she was Mrs. Taylor. In July, at Hartford, he had a match race with U. S. Fenn, but on account of rain it had to be postponed, fortunately for Mr. Taylor, as he had been complaining all day of pains in his stomach. About 8:30 P. M. he collapsed, suffering with

cramps caused by drinking cold soda water too soon after his morning work. His trainer was up at the track, the rain came down in torrents, but Mrs. Taylor was as calm as anyone could be, yet all alone with her husband in agony. She attended his ills so faithfully that Mr. Taylor soon recovered, congratulating himself upon the acquisition of such a faithful little bride.

CHARLES WINTER WOOD; OR,

FROM BOOTBLACK TO PROFESSOR.

J. SHIRLEY SHADRACH.

"Great oaks from little acorns spring," so runs the old adage; and we might fittingly place beside it another trite saying, "One must excel to win renown." Both are applicable to the career of Charles Winter Wood.

It is likely that the remarkable rise of this talented elocutionist and orator is in great measure due to what was intended for a joke.

Born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1871, he lived until nine years old in the sunny South; but circumstances—those forces over which we have no control, and which carve out our destiny from the cradle to the grave—caused him to emigrate to the great city of Chicago, where he appeared upon the streets doing business as a bootblack and newsboy. Is there a more touching sight, or one that appeals more strongly to the sympathetic soul, than that of a little child, claiming kindred with none, going about the business of bread-winning at an age when a loving mother trembles to have her darling exposed to the perils of the busy streets without the support of a strong guiding hand?

"Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin."

All the capital of the street child lies in his precocious brain, and his keen analysis of human nature which enables him to charm the coin from the pockets of the passing throng by any means most favorable.

Such conditions are hard for a white child to overcome; many succumb and are overcome. How much harder are the same conditions when faced by one covered with the dark skin of the despised Negro!

Well, the Negro is used to hard conditions; he will come out all right if he has patience and endurance—and doesn't starve while waiting for Americans to arouse themselves to a full perception of the wrongs inflicted on the most inoffensive class of citizens in the Republic.

Happily for the subject of this sketch his story wears a bright and encouraging aspect.

It was his custom to visit the Old Unity Building, Dearborn street, Chicago, and solicit work from the lawyers, and very soon the polite and good-natured, ragged "shiner" attracted Justice Jarvis Blume's attention. Learning that the boy was a constant attendant at the city theatres and fond of Shakespearean tragedies, Lawyer Blume made him a proposition to recite a part of the ghost scene

from "Hamlet," the reward to be a dollar. In three days young Wood appeared and announced that he was ready for the trial. Among the audience assembled to have a "good laugh" at the boy's efforts were Senator Mason, Judge Blume, Judge Collins, Judge Wallace, State's Attorney Longenecker, Mayor Washburne.

The little bootblack gave an excellent rendition of Hamlet's long speech. The delighted audience "passed the hat," and the black tragedian pocketed about five dollars. That was in 1882, and the boy was twelve years old.

Mr. Blume arranged to have him recite before various small private companies, and then took him to Professor Walter C. Lyman, a teacher of elocution. A test showed that the lad possessed remarkable oratorical powers, and the professor not only engaged him as an office boy at four dollars per week, but agreed to give him daily lessons. At the end of the year, Wood was the star performer in the professor's annual entertainment at Central Music Hall. His greatest hit was in the scene from "The Bells." He had heard Irving render it once and gave a clever imitation of the great English actor. All these happenings aroused the attention of influential citizens, among whom we may mention Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, Mr. Luther Laflin Mills and Wm. Sutherland.

In 1886 Judge Blume, who had proved himself the young man's staunch friend, took him to the house of Mr. Frank S. Hanson, owner of the New England flouring mills. The boy's reading pleased the company and led to a second engagement. As a result Mr. Hanson sent the young genius to Beloit College, where he remained eight years and graduated in the classical course. He was the only Negro in the school.

Mr. Wood stood well in his studies, but he gained many honors in oratorical contests. He created the role of Oedipus Rex, a Greek tragedy, which

was produced at Beloit College and in Chicago. He won first honors at Beloit and in the contest of the State of Wisconsin. Won the interstate college contest at Galesburg, Ill., in 1895, at which time the Hon. Wm. J. Bryan acted as judge and marked Mr. Wood 100 on delivery, pronouncing it the best undergraduate oration he had ever heard. That contest represented ten States and 60,000 students. The judges were William Jennings Bryan, John J. Ingalls and Gov. Frank D. Jackson of Iowa.

On graduating from Beloit in 1895, Mr. Wood entered the Chicago Theological Seminary, and graduated three years later. In 1898 he was made pastor of a church at Warren, Ill., but was called from that position to the head of the English department at Tuskegee, which he still holds. Mr. Washington selected Mr. Wood for the John Crosby Brown scholarship at Columbia University, New York city; he is studying at this institution now in the graduate department, and is candidate for the M. A. and Ph. D. degrees.

Twenty years ago Mr. Wood was a poor bootblack, almost friendless, wholly uneducated, in the Chicago streets. Today, barely thirty years old, he is an influential man, admired, respected and greatly beloved by his people.

Anything strange in this young man's career?

Oh, yes; he is a Negro!

Well, it ought not to be so. Human nature is the same in white or black. The woods are full of just such bright, talented young colored fellows as Charles Winter Wood has demonstrated himself to be.

Do not let us forget Prof. R. T. Greener, the pioneer at Harvard University. There is also Hon. C. G. Morgan, Prof. W. H. Dubois, Hon. W. H. Lewis, Judge Terrell and R. C. Bruce, and a hundred other men who have met and embraced Opportunity. All we want is a chance.

Since the settlement of America a new and virile type of man whom we call "cosmopolite," for want of a more explicit name, has given impetus to civilization in every part of the globe. Nowhere do we find a corner of the earth that one or many citizens of this Republic are not coloring the social and civil life of the community in which they happen to have cast their lot for the time being. The parent stock from which these "cosmopolitans" have sprung is of every known nationality.

Like the old Negro who claimed to have had every known disease, "Bless de Lord, we've got this replaint, too." There is Lawyer T. McCants Stewart, late of New York, now of Hawaii, figuring conspicuously in the politics of the islands, doing all that he can to break down the growing inclination there to disfranchise the Hawaiians after the style of the South towards the Negroes of that section.

Under our form of government the democratic character of the people has encouraged the development of talent, and the generous nature of wealthy Americans toward a "genius" has made it easy for this peculiar people to shine after their talent is once discovered and acknowledged. It is not at all strange that among those endowed with Nature's richest blessing—genius—we should find some of the brightest wearing the dark hue of Africa's sons.

Is it not true that the fate of the Negro is the romance of American history?

It seems so when we have read the pathetic story of this little bootblack with its wonderful ending after twenty short years.

It is predicted, and we must say with every appearance of truth, that in the debatable land between Freedom and Slavery, in the thrilling incidents and escapes and sufferings of the fugitives, and the perils of their friends, the future Walter Scott of America will find the border land of his romance; and that from this source will come the freshest laurels of American literature.

For the sake of argument let us admit that there may be some foundation for the fears of the South that amalgamation will produce a race that will gradually supersede the present dominant factors in the government of this Republic.

It is a daring thought, but not impossible of realization. This reasoning is deduced from a careful philosophical review of the situation.

Who is to say that the type of the future American will not be represented by the descendants of men whose cosmopolitan genius makes them the property of all mankind?

And if amalgamation comes it will not be an illegitimate mingling. The offspring of Samuel Coleridge Taylor, or of Henry Tanner, or of T. McCants Stewart will, in all probability, unite with some one of their social set in the countries of their adoption. Then there are hundreds of Negroes who were born in slavery and settled by their white parents in the English Provinces, after being endowed with wealth. These descendants of Negroes have united with some of the best white families and are living in happiness among their adopted countrymen.

These things are true; and, being true, who can tell when the drop of black blood will inadvertently filter back to the American channels from whence it started, and its possessors be placed by popular vote in the presidential chair?

Anglo-Saxon blood is already hopelessly perverted with that of other races, and in most cases to its great gain. Well, if it is so, what of it? The world moves on; old ideas and silly prejudices disappear in a fog of ridicule. All things are possible, if not probable.

The story of Charles Winter Wood must color the history of the race, and influence its standing in other countries as well as in America.

If we, as men and women, use every honorable means of advancement, none can hold back the tide of prosperity that must inevitably come to us, for

"the constant dropping of water wears away the stone."

Here is a thought: Isn't it a strange

ordering of events that the greatest wrongs committed against us are by the whites, and our greatest blessings are bestowed by their generosity?

WINONA.*

A TALE OF NEGRO LIFE IN THE SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XIII.

About 1840 a white man appeared in Buffalo, N. Y., and joined his fortunes with the Indian tribes of that section, finally becoming their chief with the name of White Eagle, and making his home on an island in Lake Erie.

Buffalo was the last and most important station of the underground railroad. Among the fugitives was a handsome slave girl whom the chief married; she died, leaving him a daughter, Winona. Another fugitive died, leaving a male child whom the chief adopted, by the name of Judah. The children passed their childhood in hunting, fishing and attending the public schools.

In 1855 Warren Maxwell, an Englishman, came to America for his law firm in search of the heir to the Carlingford estates, which were left without an heir, the legal claimant having fled to America to escape a charge of murder. Maxwell arrives at Buffalo in a heavy storm, and stops at a hostelry kept by Mr. Ebenezer Maybee. In the night Winona and Judah bring the news that White Eagle has shot himself. The two men return to the island with the children; find the chief dead, and the verdict is murder by unknown parties. The children are friendless; Maxwell is greatly interested in them, and proposes taking them back to England with him. He leaves Buffalo for a few weeks, and upon his return finds that the children have been claimed by their mothers' owners under the Fugitive Slave Act, and taken to Missouri.

Two years later Maxwell visits the plantation of Colonel Titus, still searching for heirs to the Carlingford estates, on which Titus has a distant claim, and there he finds Winona and Judah. Judah visits him by night, and tells of the cruelties he has suffered. Winona and he are to be taken to St. Louis the next week and sold. They plan an escape. Maxwell agrees to meet them on steamer.

While waiting their arrival Maxwell meets Mr. Maybee, and learns that he is bound for Kansas, to assist the Free Soilers in swinging Kansas into the list of free states. Warren tells him the story of the children, and asks his advice.

Maybee proposes an escape by the underground railroad to John Brown's camp in Kansas.

The fugitives after escaping from steamer gain the shelter of Parson Steward's cabin, a station of the underground railroad. In the morning they start for John Brown's camp, where they leave Mr. Maybee, Winona and Judah. Maxwell and Steward start on the return trip, the former promising to rejoin them on the trip to Canada. The next night the two men are attacked by the "Rangers" under Thomson. Steward is killed and Maxwell made prisoner.

Maxwell is taken from the mob by Colonel Titus, tried, and sentenced to be hanged, after one year in the penitentiary, for inciting slaves to escape. Disguised as a boy, Winona is thrown into jail as a runaway slave, and traces Maxwell's whereabouts for John Brown's men, who rescue him from his perilous position.

CHAPTER XIII (Concluded).

With a rapid movement he stooped, placed the barrel of his pistol at Thomson's forehead and— would have pulled

the trigger but for the interference of John Brown, who threw himself upon the enraged black and stayed his hand.

"Don't do it; not this time, Judah. I know your feelings, but you'll have another chance, for these fellows will be after us again. There's too much at stake now; we owe Mr. Maxwell something for all he has suffered. Don't do it."

"Yes," chimed in Maybee; "if you let up now, Judah, I'll be tee-totally smashed if I don't lend you a hand and stand by for fair play."

"Why stay my hand? Vengeance is sweet," replied Judah, his dark, glowing eyes fixed in a threatening gaze upon his foe bound and helpless at his feet.

"There is a time for everything, my son. Stay thy hand and fear not; vengeance is mine," said John Brown.

Judah was silent for a moment, but stood as if gathering strength to resist temptation. Finally he said:

"I am the Lord's instrument to kill this man. Promise me that when this villain's life shall lie in the gift of any man in the camp, he shall be given to me as my right, to deal with him as I see fit."

"We promise," broke from Captain Brown and Ebenezer Maybee simultaneously.

Sternly the determined trio, aided by Winona in her boy's attire, secured the officials of the jail and quieted the prisoners. It was hard to resist the entreaties of the slaves confined there, but, after a hurried consultation, it was deemed advisable not to burden themselves with fugitive slaves.

With few words the business of releasing Maxwell was carried forward.

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When Maybee unlocked the door of Warren's cell with the warden's key, there were tears in his eyes as he beheld the wreck that two months of imprisonment and brutal treatment had made of the stalwart athlete. The burns were not yet healed, and great red scars disfigured his face in spots; he still wore his arm in a sling; starvation, physical weakness and lack of cleanliness had done their worst.

Maybee's heart was too full for words as he folded the emaciated form in his arms, and openly wiped the tears from his eyes; his were the feelings of a father: "This, my son, was dead and is alive again."

"Oh, never m-min' my cryin'! 'Taint nothin'." Some fellers cries easier than others," he muttered as the tears rolled unchecked down his cheeks. Winona was sobbing in company and Judah was feeling strange about the eyes also.

"I never thought to see you again, boys," said Warren solemnly, as he held their warm, friendly hands and felt the clasp of honest friendship. "I understand the slavery question through and through. Experience is a stern teacher."

"Min' my words to you, Maxwell? But God knows I didn't reckon they'd come home to you so awful an' suddint-like. I have never feared for you, my boy, even when things l-looked blackes'; but if you don't fin' Bill Thomson somewhere, some time, an' choke him an' tear his win'pipe to fiddlestrings, you ain't got a drop of British blood in yer whole carcass!"

"Amen!" ejaculated Captain Brown. "Come, boys, time's up."

Judah lifted Maxwell in his strong arms preparatory to carrying him out to the waiting vehicle. He felt all his passionate jealousy die a sudden death as pity and compassion stirred his heart for the sufferings of his rival. "Here is another white man who does not deserve death at a Negro's hands," he told himself.

Winona was silent and constrained in manner. For the first time since she had adopted her strange dress she felt a wave of self-consciousness that rendered her

ashamed. She turned mechanically and walked by Judah's side as he bore his almost helpless burden to the wagon, and seated herself beside the driver, still silent.

Warren, reclining on fresh straw in the bottom of the cart, wondered in semi-consciousness at the sweetness of the air dashed in his face with the great gusts of rain, and at his own stupidity in not recognizing Winona; beneath the stain with which she had darkened her own exquisite complexion, he could now plainly trace the linaments that had so charmed him. Then, lulled by the motion of the vehicle and weakened by excitement, he slept the sleep of exhaustion.

Captain Brown had ordered the prisoners placed in Warren's abandoned cell, and, locking the door, took the key with them to clog the movements of pursuers as much as possible; then they passed out, closing and fastening the great outer door and also taking that key with them.

Meanwhile, outside the building, in the most advantageous positions, hidden by the blackness of the night, ten stalwart Free-State men had waited with impatience the return of Captain Brown and his companions.

The storm favored the rescuing party; not a sound disturbed their watch but the awful peals of thunder reverberating over the land in solemn majesty. Torrents of rain drenched them to the skin, but inured to hardships they rejoiced in the favor which the storm bestowed.

As the rescuers issued from beneath the jail's shadow, Judah bearing Warren in his arms, the guard gathered silently about the wagon in silent congratulation that thus far they had been successful; then mounting their waiting horses, the whole party rode as fast as possible toward the river.

As dawn approached the storm cleared, and the first faint streaks of light that appeared in the east were tinged with the sun-god's brilliant hues. By this time our party had reached the river-banks, and Warren was removed to the boat, the horses and wagon being returned to the friendly settlers who had loaned them, and in the sweet freshness

of the dawn, strong arms propelled the boat toward the Kansas shore.

On the Kansas side fresh horses awaited them and another wagon. Friends met them at short intervals along the route, the people turning out en masse in an ovation to the rescuers and rescued, for Maxwell's story was known in every village and town throughout the country. They stopped at a comfortable farmhouse for breakfast, and Warren was allowed the luxury of a bath and given clean though coarse clothing.

They travelled all that day and night, seeming not to feel fatigue but bent upon distancing a pursuing party, finding fresh horses at intervals, and food in abundance. Thus the settlers exemplified in kind acts the sympathy that upheld the common cause of human rights for all mankind.

The journey to the Brown camp was not a short one, and burdened with an invalid, it added to the length of time necessary to make the trip. Every step, too, was fraught with danger, but not a murmur came from the men who with stern faces and senses alert cautiously picked their way to safety. It was still twenty miles across country as the crow flies, after three days of swift travelling; the meandering of the road added five more. Then there was a barrier of foothills, and finally the mountains which lifted themselves abruptly out of the flat rolling surface surrounding them.

There might be marauding parties hiding in the brush and thickets, and for aught the horsemen knew, the stacks of hay and fodder that rose like huge monuments on every side, out of the twilight gloom surrounding the lonely farms, might conceal dozens of their foes. The nights were wearing for they never knew quite how the situation was going to develop.

Most of the time Warren was in a semi-conscious state exciting fears of a return of fever and delirium. The sight of guns and the constant talk of the battle yet to come had a depressing effect upon the invalid; they gave a sinister effect to his freedom. Soon the smiling sunlit valley they were entering became

to his disordered fancy a return into the dangers and sufferings of a Missouri prison.

Much to Captain Brown's relief, the late afternoon found them in the pleasant hollow two miles distant from the camp, and night gave them safety within the shadow of the great hills.

CHAPTER XIV.

The physical shock to Maxwell's system had worked no lasting harm to his constitution. Freedom, cleanliness and nourishing food were magical in their effects, and a week after his rescue found him up and about gradually joining in the duties of the camp.

And what an experience it was to this young, tenderly nurtured aristocrat! It was his function to watch the shifting panorama of defiance to despotism as outlined in the daily lives of the patriotic abolitionists with whom his lot was now cast. He lived in an atmosphere of suspicion, for to be identified with John Brown was a forfeit of one's life; a price was on the head of every individual associated with him. Yet with all the discouraging aspects of the cause these men had espoused, scarcely a day went by that did not bring news of the movements of the enemy, sent by some friendly well-wisher, or a token of good feeling in the form of much needed supplies, and even delicacies for the sick.

The menace of impending danger, however, hung over them constantly. The very ground was honey-combed with intrigue set on foot by resolute and determined Southerners who vowed to crush out all opposition and make the institution of slavery national, and with this determination conspiracies of every kind were abroad to circumvent the North and its agents, of whom the Kansas pro-slavery men were the most belligerent, in the growing desire of that section to make freedom universal within the borders of the United States. He saw plainly that the nation was fast approaching an alarming crisis in its affairs, and, by contrast with the arguments and attitude of the South, that the weight of principle was with the North where

the people had been alarmingly docile and conservative. The efforts, in Congress, and in pro-slavery political conventions, were but an aggravation, and not satisfactory to either side, adding fuel to the flame that was making terrible inroads upon the public peace.

The Brown men were restless because of enforced inactivity, for all felt a blow was impending, marvelling that it was so long delayed, and anxious to force an issue—anything was better than uncertainty—for the lengthened time of waiting was a terrible strain upon the nerves.

Captain Brown sought the company of Maxwell frequently, conversing freely of his hopes and fears. The young man was greatly impressed with the clearness and value of his knowledge of military tactics. He was familiar with all the great battles of ancient and modern times; had visited every noted battlefield of old Europe and carefully sketched plans of the operations and positions of the opposing forces. These maps were a source of delight to the old man who went over them with Warren, explaining with great enthusiasm the intricacies of the manoeuvres. During this intimacy, Captain Brown revealed to his guest his own great scheme for an insurrection among the slaves—an uprising of such magnitude that it should once and for all time settle the question of slavery.

Maxwell promised money and ammunition and arms, but his heart was heavy as he listened to plans and purposes that had been long in maturing, brooded over silently and secretly, with much earnest thought, and under a solemn sense of religious duty. What would be the fate of the band of hero-martyrs who would dash themselves to bloody death under the inspired influence of their intrepid leader? The prison walls would shake from summit to foundation, and wild alarm would fill every tyrant heart in all the South, of this he had no doubt, but would the effort be crowned with success? It was hardly possible.

Summer was advancing ever deeper in dust. The sky was tarnishing with haze. The sunsets longer in burning out in the

west, in tragic colors. Scouts were continually posting back and forth. Warren had promised himself while in prison never to complain of the dispensations of Providence should he live to enjoy freedom again; but at the end of the second week of convalescence he was imploring to be allowed to join the scouting parties of skirmishers. The stir of the camp fired his blood; he was devoured by anxiety to be among the busy people of the world once more, to know what events had transpired in his absence and how the world had wagged along without his help, forgetting that a vacuum is quickly filled and we are soon forgotten.

"The sooner I get out of this the better, Maybee," he exclaimed one day, rousing himself from painful memories of home and his failure to accomplish the mission he had set out so confidently to perform. "I want to get home!"

"Jest so," replied Maybee, with ready sarcasm. "We'll start to-morrow morning on foot."

"No—you know what I mean. I want to——"

"Oh, yes, cert'nly; jest so. We might, ef you're in a great hurry, start this evenin'." The Rangers are all over the place between here an' civilization, but we won't stop for that, for with a strong fightin' man like you fer a companion there'd be nothin' to fear—about gittin' a through ticket to glory this week."

"Cease jesting, Maybee! What I want is to make every hour tell upon the work of getting well—not only on my own account, but—we owe that poor girl something."

"Hem!" grunted Maybee, shooting the young man a keen look under which he colored slightly. "That's right; always keep the weaker vessel in yer mem'ry; trust in the Lord and keep yer powder dry, as our friend Brown'd say. And that remin's me of 'Tarius up home. 'Tarius got religion and when the day came roun' fer the baptisin' it was a January blizzard, although well along in the month of April. 'Tarius ain't fond of cold weather no how, and he didn't show up along with the other candidates.

Next day the minister came up to look after 'Tarius. 'Don' ye trus' in de Lawd, brother?' says the minister. 'Yes, brother,' says 'Tarius, 'I trust pintedly in de Lawd; but I ain't gwine fool wif God!' That's my advice to you, Maxwell; don't you fool with Providence; jest let well-enough alone."

The next afternoon Mr. Maybee came rushing back to the cabin which was their mutual home.

"Well, young feller, we're in fer it, an' no mistake. You'll git fightin' a-plenty before forty-eight hours."

"What's it?" queried Maxwell languidly, "another false alarm?"

"No, by gosh; it's the real thing this time. The Rangers are at Carlton's. You remember hearin' Parson Steward speak of Reynolds, don' you?" Maxwell nodded.

"He's come up to camp an' brought Brown the news."

"How soon will they get here?"

"Cayn't tell; maybe to-morrow an' perhaps not before nex' week; but it's boun' to come. Dog my cats, if I'm sorry. I fairly itch to git my hands on the onery cusses that killed the parson."

"Anything is better than waiting; it takes the life out of a man. I shall not feel safe until I get my feet on British soil once more. God being my helper, Maybee, I'll never set foot on the soil of the 'greatest (?) Republic on earth' again," he finished earnestly.

Mr. Maybee chuckled.

"Con-vinced are you? They used ter tell me when I was a little shaver that the proof of the puddin' was in swallerin' the bag—that is, pervidin' it was a biled puddin'. I'll 'low them varmint heat you pretty hot, but there's nothin' so convincin' as ex-perience. I might a talked to you fer forty days an' nights, wastin' my breath fer nothin', an' you'd a said to yourself 'Maybee's stretchin' it; 'taint quarter so bad as he makes out;' but jest as soon as they git to work on your an-atermy yer fin' out that Maybee was mild by comparison. The South's a horned hornet on the 'nigger' question. Time n'r tide, n'r God A'mighty aint goin' to change 'em this week."

"Well, I'm ready for them; I'm feeling decidedly fit," replied Maxwell.

"Good. Reynolds left you a message, a sort of warning. Thomson says the nex' time he gits you he'll fix you, law or no law; he's goin' to flog you first like a nigger, an' then burn you an' send your ashes to your folks in England in a chiny vase. How's that strike you?"

"He will if he's lucky; but I have my doubts."

Maybee gazed at him in silent admiration a moment before he said: "British grit a plenty in you, by thunder; that's the talk."

Preparations immediately went forward in the camp for meeting the enemy. Winona's cave on the mountainside was to be stored with provision, ammunition and all other necessities. The men worked all night in detachments, watch and watch.

Warren had seen very little of Winona; she kept with the women.

Thinking of the coming conflict, Warren climbed the slope leading to the top of the highest peak, and established himself there as a lookout. It was near the cave in which supplies were being stored, and where the women and children would find a refuge. Presently he saw Winona loitering up the hillside with downcast eyes. As she drew near, the magnetism of his gaze compelled her glance to seek his face. She started, and would have turned back but Warren called out in a kindly voice not in the least alarming:

"Come, see this fine sweep of country. We cannot be surprised."

The sudden blush that had suffused her cheek at sight of him died out, leaving her serious and calm. The last few days she had thawed somewhat out of her coldness, for care could not live with youth and gaiety and the high-tide of summer weather, and the propinquity, morning, noon and night, of the society of the well-beloved one.

More and more Warren felt toward her as to a darling, irresistible child, and sometimes as to a young goddess far beyond him, as he realized how pure and sweet was the inner life of this child-woman. The noisome things that creep

and crawl about the life of the bond chattel had fallen away from her. She was unique: a surprise every day in that she was innocence personified and yet so deliciously womanly,

"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!"

In this last week of returning strength, Winona imagined, when she saw Maxwell sitting among the men of the camp moody and silent, that he was remembering his home with longing and awaiting the moment for safe departure with impatience.

During her weeks of unselfish devotion when she had played the role of the boy nurse so successfully, she had been purely and proudly glad. Now, little by little, a gulf had opened between them which to her unsophisticated mind could not be bridged. There lay the misery of the present time—she was nothing to him. Does any love resign its self-imposed tasks of delightful cares and happy anxieties without a pang? Like any other young untrained creature, she tormented herself with fears that were but shadows and railed at barriers which she herself had raised, even while she argued that Fate had fixed impassable chasms of race and caste between them.

"How a man glories in war," she said, after a silence, from her seat on a jagged rock overhanging the cliff.

"You, with your Indian training, ought to feel with us and not think of fear," said Warren.

"But then, I am not of the blood."

"True."

His reply fell upon her ear like a reproach—a reflection upon her Negro origin. Her suspicion sounded in her voice as she replied:

"Better an Indian than a Negro? I do not blame you for your preference."

"Why speak with that tone—so scornfully? Is it possible that you can think so meanly of me?"

She could not meet his eye, but her answer was humbly given—her answer couched in the language of the tribes.

"Are you not a white brave? Do not all of them hate the black blood?"

"No; not all white men, thank God. In my country we think not of the color of the skin but of the man—the woman—the heart."

"Oh, your country! Do you know, I believe my dear papa was of the same?"

Her head rested against the tree back of her; the lace-work of the pine ashes formed upon her knees and enveloped her as a cloud.

He nodded in reply, and continued, musingly, as his eyes wandered off over the plain at his feet:

"England is a country to die for—rich, grand, humane! You shall see it for yourself."

"Which is my country, I wonder? Judah says that he will not fight for the Stars and Stripes if war comes—the flag that makes the Negro a slave. This country mine? No, no! The fearful things that I have seen——" she broke off abruptly. "My father's country shall be mine."

"Better reserve your decision until you marry."

"I shall never marry."

"But why?" asked Warren, opening his eyes in surprise. "Nonsense; all girls expect to marry, and do—most of them."

"I cannot marry out of the class of my father," she replied, with head proudly erect. "It follows, then, that I shall never marry."

"Nonsense," again returned Warren. "You will not live and grow old alone. Mere birth does not count for more than one's whole training afterward, and you have been bred among another race altogether."

"But the degradation of the two years just passed can never leave me; life will never seem quite the same," she said in a stifled voice full of pain. "I shall be a nun." She ended with a little laugh, but the voice quivered beneath it.

Warren scarcely knew how to answer her; he felt awkward and mere words sounded hollow.

"See here," he began abruptly; "it is no use to dwell on a painful subject; just strive to forget all about it and take the happiness that comes your way. As for

the last alternative—you will not be happy."

"That cannot be helped. Perhaps I should not be happy if I married," she went on with a smile upon her lips, but deep gravity in her eyes. "It would depend upon the man who must know all my past. Nokomis used to say 'they are all the same—the men. When you are beautiful they kill each other for you; when you are plain they sneer at you.'"

"Old Nokomis! She spoke of red men, not white men."

"Yes; all the same Nokomis said: men are men. People will never forget that my mother was an American Negress even if I forget. No," concluded the girl with a wise little shake of her cropped head, "I shall go to the convent."

Warren dissembled his intense amusement, but beneath his smile was a tear for the tender, helpless creature trying so bravely to crush out of sight the tender flowers of her maiden heart. At length he said:

"Who can foresee the future? There are men with red blood in their veins; not all are empty caskets. How can you talk of convents—you who will go to England with me; and perhaps, who can tell, you may marry a duke. But believe me, Winona, you think too seriously of your position," he concluded, dropping his jesting air.

"You have too much respect upon the world:

They lose it that do buy it with much care.'"

Silence fell between them for a time, and the evening shadows gradually shut the eye of day. Clear and shrill upon the air fell the notes of a bugle, once—twice—thrice—it rose in warning cadence. Winona sprang to her feet with the words, "'Tis Judah! There is danger! Let us go at once!"

So violent was her start that she came perilously near falling to the plain below, which on this side the hill was a sheer descent of many feet, to where the Possawatomie rilled along its peaceful course.

"God!" broke from Warren's white lips as he caught her just in time. For a second he held her in a close embrace, she clinging to him in affright. There was extraordinary gravity in both look and tone as he leaned his cheek against the cropped curly head that nestled close to his throat like a frightened child, and said: "Winona, let me say it now before we go to meet we know not what—thank God I have known you—so noble, so patient, so sweet. Despite the dangers of our situation, the hours we have passed together have been the happiest of my life."

Forgetful of time and place, youth yielded to the sway of the love-god, and for one dazzling instant the glory of heaven shone upon them.

"What harm just once?" thought the girl as she rested in his embrace. "Tomorrow it may not matter about race or creed, one or both of us will belong to eternity; pray God that I may be the one to go."

CHAPTER XV.

It was not Judah who had blown the warning blast, but it came from one of his party sent by him to warn them of the approach of the enemy. The messenger was pale as death, the veins standing out on his forehead, and his left arm hanging useless at his side. The horse, panting and covered with foam, stopped, and Maybee caught the rider in his arms.

"What is it, boy?" he asked.

"Rangers," the poor fellow gasped out. "Three hundred around the old farmhouse. Coming down on you. Judah says he can hold them off until daybreak. I got out, but they shot me."

Captain Brown seemed transformed; his eyes burned like coals. Maybee put his hand on his shoulder.

"What'll you do, Captain, start now or later?"

"Two hours after midnight. The boy knows his business," was the laconic reply as, drawing long, deep breaths, John Brown made for the horses.

The evening was spent in preparations for the start. The camp was abandoned, the women hastily fleeing to the refuge

on the mountainside. Three men were to be left to guard the cave, but every woman carried a rifle in her hand and was prepared to use it. Winona was in command of the home-guard.

The last words of counsel and instruction were spoken. It was nearly daylight. Faint streaks of light were already visible in the eastern horizon. They left the camp two hours after midnight and the last look that Warren gave toward the mountain showed him the slight figure of Winona with rifle in hand waving him a farewell salute.

To Maxwell the one hundred intrepid riders, with whom he was associated, represented a hopeless cause. How could they hope to conquer a force of three hundred desperadoes? But Warren knew not the valor of his companions nor the terror which the Brown men inspired.

The attacking point was an hour's fast riding from camp. The dawn increased rapidly. Maybee fell back to Warren's side with an air of repressed excitement, and his eyes blazed. He touched the young man's arm as they rode and pointed to the left where they saw, in a cloud of dust, another party of horsemen coming toward them.

"Who are they, friends or enemies?"

"Reinforcements. They are the boys Reynolds has collected to help us. Nothing the matter with him or them, you bet. Reynolds ain't been the same since Steward was killed. His heart's broke 'long with it an' he's wil' fer revenge. Every one of the boys with him is a fighter, too, from 'way back. I know 'em, Maxwell; an' now, — me, if we don't give them hell-hounds the biggest thrashing they've had since the campaign opened, you may call me a squaw. But who's that riding beside Reynolds?" he broke off abruptly. "Dog my cats, may I be teetotally smashed ef it don't look like Parson Steward!"

"No!" cried Warren in a fever of excitement at the words. "Impossible!"

"We'll soon know," replied Maybee.

On they sped over the space that separated the two parties. Then the order came to halt, and Parson Steward rode

into the midst of the column while the men broke into wild cheering at sight of him. There was not much time to spend in greeting, but the vice-like grip of friendly hands spoke louder than words. Warren could not speak for a moment as before his mind the picture of the last night spent in Steward's company passed vividly. The parson, too, was visibly affected.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," he said solemnly.

"Amen," supplemented Maxwell, and then they rode cautiously forward, the Captain keeping his men at the steady pace at which they had started out. Now and then a stray shot from the farmhouse showed them that Judah was holding his own. The firing increased as they neared the house, coming mainly from the shelter of trees and bushes at the side. Finally it became incessant, and the Captain beckoned to Maybee, after he had halted the column, and they rode cautiously ahead. Soon they returned, and coming to Warren drew him to the flank of the company.

"My boy, you are going under fire. Are you prepared for any happening? Are you all right?"

"All right," replied Warren.

"Well," said Captain Brown with a sigh, "shake hands; fire low; look well to the hinder side of your rifle. God bless you!" and he passed forward to the head of the column. The parson went with him.

Maybee was beside himself with excitement over the parson's rescue.

"Now you'll see some fun," said he; and then, all of a sudden the fire of battle caught him and he flew into a sort of frenzy. He rode quickly behind the men, saying in low, concentrated tones: "Give 'em — boys! Remember our friends they've butchered, and our women and little children. Give 'em —, I say!" Then growing calmer he turned to Warren once more, saying: "Maxwell, I reckon you've got as big a score to settle as anyone of us." Then he, too, wrung Warren's hand and rode away to the head of the column.

A man fell dead in the Brown ranks.

The Rangers now advanced in solid column to meet them. Then came the order to charge, and with a wild yell the pent-up excitement of the men broke forth and pell-mell they hurled themselves upon the foe.

Then ensued a wild scene; a turmoil of shots, cries, groans and shrieks—pandemonium on earth. Maxwell very soon found himself in the thickest of it, off his horse and doing his part in a fierce hand-to-hand encounter with one who had fired a pistol straight at him. The bullet flew wide of the mark and in an instant he had flung the snarling demon down and had hurled himself upon him. They struggled fiercely back and forth tearing at each other with all their might. Gideon Holmes' long, lithe fingers were sunk deep in his throat in an endeavor to force him to release his hold. With a mighty effort, Maxwell brought the butt of his pistol down on his enemy's face in a smashing blow. At last he had caught the full spirit of the fiercest; the blood mounted to his brain, and with ungovernable rage, thinking only of the sufferings he had endured in the dreadful time of imprisonment, he continued his rain of blows upon his prostrate foe until the very limpness of the inert body beneath him stayed his hand.

Through the smoke he saw Captain Brown and Parson Steward and Ebenezer Maybee fighting like mad, with blazing rifles, and deep curses from Maybee mingling with the hoarse shouting of passages of Scripture by the parson.

"Behold, the uncircumcised Philistine, how he defies the armies of the living God." And again—"Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine;" "Fear not, neither be thou dismayed."

It was a terrible struggle between the two great forces—Right and Wrong. Drunken with vile passions, the Rangers fought madly but in vain against the almost supernatural prowess of their opponents; like the old Spartans who braided their hair and advanced with songs and dancing to meet the enemy, the anti-slavery men advanced singing hymns and praising God.

The last stand was made. The desperadoes fled in all directions. Some went toward the hills; among them was Thomson. He spurred his horse across the plain, abandoning him at the edge of the rising ground. For hours he skulked among the trees or crawled or crept over stones and through bushes, gradually rising higher and higher above the plain. Brown's forces swarmed over the ground, slaying as they met the flying foe. He saw Col. Titus pursued by Judah, speeding over the plain; he saw them meet and the Colonel fall. A moment—a moment—a convulsive uplifting of arms, and then Judah turned and slowly began climbing the ascent.

Thomson, regardless of consequences, sprang clear of the underbrush and darted up the mountainside. Once he thought he heard a rifle crack—on—on he sped. He climbed upon a ledge and lay there, peeping through a crevice made by the meeting of gigantic rocks, and gaining his breath. He saw no one. Evidently Judah had missed him, and he began to plan a descent from the opposite side. Searching the cliff for a landing place, he saw the Possawatamie gurgling along sixty feet below over pebbles, a torrent in winter but now only a silver thread that trickled lightly along.

He saw a jutting ledge ten feet below which promised an easy footing to the valley; once there he could soon evade pursuit. He bound his rifle securely to him by his belt and crawled out on the shelving rock; then swinging clear by the aid of a tough sapling, he cautiously dropped. He paused to regain his breath, gazing speculatively about him the while. Yes, it was as he had thought. On this side the cliffs broke into a series of giant steps which led easily to the river. "Lucky once more," he chuckled, speaking his thoughts aloud. "That black demon has missed again. Nex' turn is mine, an' I sha'n't miss him."

Thus musing he turned to begin the descent—and faced Judah where he stood in the shadow of a great boulder, with a smile on his face, watching the movements of his enemy the overseer. Thom-

son turned as if to run down the mountainside.

"Stop where you are!" thundered the giant black.

The man obeyed, but his hand sought his rifle.

"Hands up!" again came the pealing voice. The order was given along the barrel of a gleaming rifle. Thomson's hands went up obediently.

"You are surprised to see me," said Judah grimly. A period of silence ensued. It was a dramatic scene, far from the scene of recent strife. The morning sun had broke in dazzling splendor over the earth; the birds were feeding their young families and flew from tree to tree in neighborly fashion; the murmur of bees humming and of the stream far below mingled harmoniously. All was peace. But within two human hearts surged the wild passions of fierce animals at bay.

Judah looked at his foe with the air of one about entering upon a momentous task. Thomson stood with the narrow ledge for a foothold and the clouds of heaven at his back, facing he knew not what. His head throbbed and in his ears were the drum-beats of an army; his heart was sick with terror for this human torturer, this man-mangler and woman-beater was an arrant coward. When he could bear the silence no longer he spoke:

"I suppose I am your prisoner?"

Judah smiled. It was a terrible smile, and carried in it all the pent-up suffering of two years of bodily torture and a century of lacerated manhood. Thomson feared him, and well he might. Again he spoke. The sound of his own voice gave him courage; anything to break the horrible silence and the chill of that icy smile.

"I am to be treated as a prisoner of war?"

This time Judah answered him.

"Would you have treated me as a prisoner of war if you had captured me?"

"No," broke involuntarily from Thomson's lips.

"Very well!"

"I demand to be taken before Captain Brown. Surely he is human; he will

not give me into the hands of a savage to be tortured!" exclaimed the wretch in frantic desperation.

Again Judah smiled his calm, dispassionate smile as he examined his rifle, and then slowly brought it to his shoulder.

"You who torture the slave without a thought of mercy, and who could treat a young white man—one of your own race—as you did Mr. Maxwell, fear to be tortured? Why, where is your boasted Southern bravery that has promised so much?"

Bill's teeth glittered in a grin of hate and fear.

"God! It's murder to kill a man with his hands up!" he shrieked.

"It rests with you whether or not I shoot you," replied Judah calmly. "I am going to give you one chance for life. It is a slim one, but more than you would give me."

Bill eyed him with a venomous look of terror and distrust; but his manner had changed to fawning smoothness.

"Judah," he began, "look a-here, I own I done you dirt mean, I do. I ask yer pardon—I couldn't do more'n that ef you was a white man, could I? Well, sir, I know you're a brave nigger, an' I know, too, it's nat'ral for you to lay it up agin me, fer I done yer dirt an' no mistake. But I had to; ef I'd showed you quarter, every nigger on the plantation 'd been hard to handle. It was necessary discipline, boy; nothin' particular agin you."

Bill's beady black eyes never left the Negro's face as he watched for a sign of wavering in the calm smile.

"Look a-here, I can tell you a heap of things 'd be worth more'n my life to the gal, an' Titus couldn't blame me for givin' the scheme away; what's money to life? It's worth a fortune to you to know what I can tell you this minute; only let me out of this, Jude."

But Judah knew his man. Not for one instant did Thomson deceive him. He judged it a righteous duty to condemn him to death.

"You stole Winona's liberty and mine. I know what your promises are worth.

Do you think I would listen to a proposition coming from you, you infernal scoundrel? Get ready. I've sworn to kill you and I intend to keep my oath. When I count three jump backwards or I put a bullet into your miserable carcass. If you are alive when you strike the river, you can swim ashore; it's one chance in ten. Choose."

Bill grew white; his eyes gleamed like those of a trapped rat, but he seemed to realize that it was useless to plead for mercy at the hands of the calm, smiling Negro before him.

"One!" counted Judah, moving toward

Thomson a step as he counted. There he paused, desiring that the wretch should suffer all, in anticipation, that he had caused others to suffer.

"Two!" Thomson moved backward involuntarily, but still he did not lose his footing. Again Judah paused.

"Three!"

With a wild curse, Thomson sprang off the ledge. A fearfully quiet moment followed. Judah did not move. There came a crashing of underbrush, a sound of rolling rocks and gravel, a plash of water—silence.

(To be continued.)

PEPE'S ANTING-ANTING.

A TALE OF LAGUNA.

CAPT. FRANK R. STEWARD.

Chata kept the canteen next door to the commandancia. Here thrift and the soldiers' pay were the stay of white-haired, pockmarked Marcelino, her father. The dread paludissima had carried off the mother the year before.

In the bestowal of her favors, Nature had been more than generous with this humble daughter of the "bosky"—an oval face of unmatched olive tint—the despair of the West; a wealth of lustrous black hair, and the deep, dark, elusive eyes of the Malay ever in furtive glow.

I first saw her perched upon an old bamboo settee in the window of her canteen and—winced. She was deftly rolling a cigarette, which, when finished to a nicety, she put in my hand with a smile. Over her corsetless bosom, her thin, low cut, jusi waist let show her plump, round neck and shoulders. Beneath her stiff-ironed red skirt of English print, her bare ankles peeped out and shone in the sunlight.

I had a struggle to carry my eyes beyond her to examine the rows of boxes, bottles and cans, the little heaps of tobacco and dulce on shelves in the back-

ground. I stumbled forth a phrase-book greeting in the native vernacular. She opened wide her eyes in surprise and overwhelmed me in a flood of Tagalog. I beat hasty retreat to my readier Spanish and in that tongue braved out the dialogue.

"She was eager to learn English," she went on, "but English was so difficult; that wonderful language which was spelled one way and pronounced the other. And the letters had so many different sounds. Not so the Spanish. She did not have a good head—pobre me! She simply could never learn the English."

In my turn: "With the greatest pleasure would I teach her English, if she would only do me the great favor of teaching me Tagalog which I had much longing to learn." (My feeble vocabulary struggled hard to keep up the Spanish idiom.)

She started in at once, which might have caused me some amazement had I not already come to appreciate the simple-hearted nature of the Filipino señoritas.

She began pronouncing slowly: "Lala-qui."

"Man," I gave back promptly, the English equivalent. (My phrase-book was handy.)

"Mane," she repeated after me.

"Babay," she continued.

"Woman," I answered.

"Woom'n," it was an effort for her.

Once more: "Mabuti."

"Good."

"Gud."

Again: "Masama."

"Bad."

"Bed," was what she made out of it.

Then I took the lead with: "Liliganan" and added the meaning: "sweetheart."

"Swithet," she recited back and at once inquired earnestly: "Que es swithet, señor?" (What is sweetheart?) There was just the faintest twinkle in her lowered eyes.

I turned away in time to catch Pepe's eyes full upon me; but only for an instant, then he went hastily up the commandancia steps.

Pepe was a scribiente at the presidencia and had loved Chata, so the hentes say, ever since she toddled along to the school of the first teaching in the low-roofed stone building on Calle Real, now the Post Commissary. That was at least a dozen years ago. Pepe was now twenty-three, and had spent two years in college in Manila. His constancy had held out against all the attractions of the gay capital, with its beautiful mestizas, and bailles, and promenades on the Luneta, and all else calculated to dizzy the head of the young Filipino from the provinces. He had returned to his native town in the heart of the cocoanut country as ardently fond of Chata as when he had left.

It was agreeable to mark Pepe's devotion. Whenever he could get away from the presidencia he hovered about Chata's canteen. In the frequent bailles at the convent Pepe was all a-beaming and a-bowing with Chata for partner to lead through the mazes of the regodon, but erect and rigid-countenanced enough when Chata sped by in the waltz on the arms of an American lieutenant.

Sunday mornings, when Marcelino and Chata were on their way home from mass, Pepe kept three paces in their wake and respectfully followed them as an orderly follows his chief. On such occasions, Chata was arrayed all in black, from the black lace pannelo which fluttered over her head, to the black stockings which the train of her black skirt, caught up at the side, let show. And the high heeled slippers she wore were black, too, but gold embroidered.

This little extravagance of Spanish politeness always attracted me—the serene unconcern of My Lady walking on before, the fine show of deference of the Page faithfully following.

"Capitan, poka tempo got matrimoning!" old Flora, the buyo-chewing hag of Calle Concepcion would occasionally bawl out to me when she caught me eyeing the pair; and then she would hurry off homeward in no manner conscious of how her innocent speech had slain two languages.

One of Pepe's tasks was to head the long line of hombres who assembled every morning at the commandancia for passes. This man was going out in the sementera to work in the fields and asked that he be not molested by the American troops as he was a "pacific citizen"; another "citizen of good conduct" wished to go to Manila to make purchases for his tienda, and wanted safe conduct to travel along the roads; the youngest child of a third "pacifico" had died that day and there would be much noise at the wake that night, and it was begged that the patrol would not disturb them; and so on, all set forth on little slips of paper in the neat, angular hand of the scribiente and stamped with the seal of the presidencia. Pepe was at hand to give the commanding officer any needed information and in more doubtful or serious matters to have the presidente promptly summoned.

The K. O. liked Pepe; liked him for his polite ways and his earnest speech, above all for his good sense, inasmuch as Pepe sought no part with the armed band of guerrillas who infested Mt. Banabao, and annoyed our garrison by cutting the

telegraph wires, attacking our convoys from ambush, shooting our mules and occasionally our men, when the details were small, and skulking off to their mountain hiding places upon the approach of our troops. To the colonel, these "patriots" Pepe used to call "locos", and grimace his disgust.

Even thirty years of incessant military activity, from chasing renegade Indians on our Western frontier to the charge at San Juan, with one bullet in his groin and another roaming somewhere in his right leg to reward his hardihood in gaining the Hill in advance of his regiment, could not make the veteran lieutenant-colonel all-knowing. It is no reproach now to say that the K. O. did not know Pepe—no, not until he saw him in the uniform of a lieutenant of insurrectos, stretched at full length on the hill overhanging the river Cacate with the deep black hole through his chest that the Krag drills, and then—then he let Pepe be buried as the rest of the "locos".

I could not tell you the story but for old Flora, whose rickety shack on Calle Concepcion overlooks the commandancia yard; Flora, the laundress of the post, who, at regular intervals, took your clothes down to the river, and pounded them on a rack with a wooden club, and brought you back what was left of them and claimed two pesos.

Flora would not have known anything about the Thing but for little Felician, her daughter, whom she had let go to be a bata in Marcelino's household to work out a debt of thirty pesos which Chata had loaned to bury Flora's husband two months before.

It was the bata who saw the Thing first, but she didn't know what it was. (The keen eyes of the bata see everything as she goes about sweeping the house, washing the dishes and boiling the rice.) It was about the size of the little catechism for the niñas in the school of the first teaching, but the backs were little squares of yellow silk and it hung to a silken string. It had leaves, too, like the catechism, but the pages were covered with funny marks and strange images.

The bata saw Chata making some of

these funny marks. And Chata put the Thing in her bosom when she went to church. As they knelt before the Virgin, Chata took from her bosom the little book hung to the silken string that looked like the catechism for the niñas (the eyes of the bata are everywhere), and held it up to the Virgin for a moment, praying the while, and quickly thrust it back in her bosom.

The ears of the bata are sharp, too. So, when she was washing the big table in the canteen, and Pepe and Chata were in the corner on the long bench, these are some of the whispered things from Chata's lips that reached the child's ears: "Independencia... combatte... los Americanos." The bata saw Chata put in Pepe's hands the little yellow book on the silken string, and the fierce glare in Pepe's eyes made the bata afraid to look up any more from her work.

Knowing none of the meaning of these strange things she had seen and heard, Felician, the bata in Marcelino's household, told all to Flora, and Flora brought the tale to me.

When she came in I saw the hag was troubled and prepared myself to resist what I felt sure was coming—another "pide" to try to have released some one of her many "cousins" who seemed to have the habit of being always in the calaboose. I own to some surprise when she began:

"Capitan, you sabby este Pepe?"

I admitted knowing Pepe.

"No es gud, este Pepe! He mucho like combatte los Americanos! Pepe mucho insurrecto!" With body bent forward, this last Flora hissed in my ear. I was eager enough for her to go on.

Then the tale the bata had told her the hag began telling to me in her broken patois of Tagalog, Spanish and English—a gibberish the Army of Occupation has brought about, a spoken tongue forever defying press or pen.

As I learned how Chata had made for Pepe one of those little amulets, or charms, which the Filipino warriors wear to bring them immunity in battle, known as Anting-Anting; that with such protection Pepe at Chata's urging was to go out (perhaps already gone) to join the

"revolutionists", I could not help feeling the truth of the statement of the blunt old soldier lately come to command the division, who had declared that the entire Filipino population was at heart hostile to the Americans and that no people surpassed the Filipinos in dissembling. For no Filipino in all the pueblo had professed greater friendship for the Americans, or had denounced more fervently the foolhardiness of the "locos" campaigning in the bosky, than Pepe. As for Chata, her zeal to learn everything American had earned for her in the pueblo the contemptuous epithet of "Americanista".

From this reflection, I was aroused by Flora suddenly ceasing her talk, sinking to her knees and beginning to pray anxiously. Her face was pallid, and her quaking frame told that some sudden terror had seized her. I could not understand why the hag should take on so at Pepe's treachery. For a moment my amazement held me helpless, then, convinced that she had not told me all, I did my best to quiet her and bade her continue.

Thereupon Flora told how Chata had carried the Anting-Anting into church and dared to hold up in prayer the invention of the devil before the image of the Virgin. Such an affront to the blessed Virgin the hag was sure meant dire calamity. Quaking fear again laid hold of her as she told of the certain punishment doomed to fall upon the offenders.

"Es malo; mucho, mucho malo! Este Chata, este Pepe, loco! loco-o! loco-o-o!" her voice had grown shrill with terror, "Jesu, Maria, Jose!" and she made the sign of the cross thrice.

The piercing notes of officers' call abruptly hurried me off from the scene to the commandancia. Events were happening there rapidly enough. To begin with, the presidente had come early in the morning to tell the colonel that Pepe had gone to join the insurrectos the night before and to show in proof the note Pepe left informing the presidente of his purpose. Within an hour of the presidente's leaving the operator reported to the K. O. that the line was cut south of the post. This meant a hike for the

troops and likely enough a scrap. Upon the heels of this, an old hombre came riding into post on a white horse and wanted to see the commandante at once. Then officers' call sounded.

The guerrilla chieftain, Banoag, whom the natives called "Maitim" because of his swarthinness, had held a reunion the night before in the barrio of San Antonio to celebrate Pepe's accession. There were three hundred or more of them, so the old man thought, one hundred with rifles, the rest bolomen. In the morning the horde cut the telegraph line to prevent any combined movement from the neighboring posts, and then ranged themselves on both sides of the Tiaon road in the thick brush on the hills overhanging the river Cacate. Upon their coming to San Antonio the cabeza of the barrio was made prisoner. But "Maitim", emboldened by much beno, got down from his horse, released the old man, bade him ride to the post and say to the commandante that the Filipinos were out there and would wait for the Americans. The old hombre on the white horse, the cabeza of the barrio of San Antonio, brought this word to the colonel, and it was after this that officers' call sounded.

* * * * *

There were fourteen of the deluded whom the Krag stopped in their flight. Pepe was one of the first struck; flat on his back he lay, in the uniform of a lieutenant of insurrectos, and about his neck was hung the little yellow book tied to the silken string—the same that the bata saw—only the covers were now red with bloodstains. As I gazed upon the form of the dead scribiente there bore in upon me the vision of old Flora, and the hag's shrill terror, and the affront to the Virgin.

* * * * *

"It's some damned charm the poor fool wore," said the sergeant in charge, "but let the señorita have it." Chata's hands clutched eagerly the yellow amulet the sergeant permitted her to take from Pepe's neck.

Pepe's parientes buried him in the convent yard near the big wooden cross and close to the mound which bore the image of the Virgin. All the while old Flora

stood by, telling her beads, murmuring her prayers and every now and then crossing herself.

The morning of the feast of San Miguel, which fell in the week following Pepe's burial, saw a little procession winding slowly up the walk in front of the church headed by a bier borne along by four stalwart hombres, followed by the town band piping away a dolorous air; in its train, a throng of black-clad, barefooted hombres, and pannelo-fluttering women and children. I was officer of the day. I had just left the guard-house in the convent basement and reached the walk at the church door, where the procession had halted and lowered the bier awaiting the padre. I looked in on the shrouded occupant and was shocked to discover Chata. At that moment a gust of wind fluttered open

the shroud, and Flora seized me violently by the arm.

"Look see! Capitan, look see!" I followed the hag's long finger, and saw about the dead girl's neck the silken string, and on her breast the little yellow book that looked to the bata like the catechism for the niñas in the school of the first teaching, but the corners were spattered with red and I knew Pepe's Anting-Anting. Surely the affront to the Virgin was now appeased!

When I looked up Flora had fallen to telling her beads, and praying and crossing herself.

The mourners thronged about the bier were groaning "pobrecita! pobrecita!" and lamenting that the dread paludissing had carried off another victim. But old Flora, the buyo-chewing hag of Calle Concepcion knew better.

So did I.

FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE NEGRO RACE.

X. ARTISTS.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

With the exception of Music, knowledge and practice of the Arts—Liberal or Mechanic—have been very limited among the Negroes of the United States. But today, when the world is moving forward by leaps and bounds, all men move with it, and in the eager search for new outlets to develop the native genius of the Negro race, and new avenues to employment for the less liberally endowed, we eagerly avail ourselves of all knowledge that will help lead us into undiscovered worlds of industrial achievement and brain development.

There seems to be ample proof to sustain the theory that the Negro under favorable circumstances can achieve remarkable results in art, literature and music. In his case there is racial temperament, intellectual and emotional, of tropical Africa, tempered by centuries of such American civilization as might come to a race in bondage; but he undoubtedly has the artistic temperament largely de-

veloped along with the genius of industry.

The conception of art among Negro students is of high order. They feel a sanctity and responsibility attached to the profession which they strive to preserve.

There is a sort of moral education in such life work. Certain corresponding characteristics grow and develop in the artist as his fingers day by day, hour by hour, create with brush and color, mallet and chisel, bud and leaf and flower, delicate tracery of vine and cloud and lineaments of face and figure, out from the unresponsive block of marble, oak or cedar, or on the dull gray canvass.

All that is valuable in the universe is brought before our eyes by painting. The true artist expresses the grandeur of hidden thought in his work, thus by inspiration giving us the full spirit and splendor of landscapes, battle scenes and brave deeds, by suggestions from his hidden

self. It is, in short, the office of art to educate the perception of beauty, and to develop our dormant taste.

It would be interesting to trace the progressive steps of painting, to mark its improvement from the first rude attempt of the untutored savage to the high state of refinement it attained under the most celebrated masters. But much of its history is involved in obscurity. Like every other human invention it probably owed its origin to chance. The earliest actual account that we have of painting is in the reign of Semiramis, king of Assyria, about 200 years before the Christian Era.

We are told by Diodorus Siculus that Semiramis, having thrown a bridge over the Euphrates at Babylon, built a castle at each end of it, and enclosed them by three high walls, with terraces upon them, made of brick decorated with paintings and burnt. Egyptian painting did not reach true excellence. The best specimens, as seen in the frescos in the interiors of the sepulchers, display brilliancy of coloring, and frequently great spirit and vivacity; but the drawing is inaccurate, displaying no observance of perspective or even the simplest laws of vision.

Among female painters of the race we mention Mrs. Lottie E. Wilson, Washington, D. C., portrait artist working in oils; also, Mrs. Martha Roberts Nutter, of Boston, Mass., who has done some very successful work in landscapes as well as portraits.

Sculpture—the art of cutting or carving wood and stone into images—is a very ancient art. There is reason to believe that it is more ancient than painting, and that it stood higher in public esteem also; since ancient painters appear to have imitated the statuary; and their works have not that freedom of style, especially with respect to the drapery, which the pencil might easily have acquired to a greater degree than the chisel.

The sacred writings mention sculpture in several places: as in the case of Laban's idols taken away by Rachel; the brazen serpent made by Moses, and the golden calf by the people of Israel.

In sculpture the Egyptians aimed at the colossal and never attained the beautiful. A remarkable peculiarity of Egyptian sculpture is, that though the earliest monuments reveal a considerable degree of artistic skill, this skill never advanced.

Painting has a greater number of requisites than sculpture; but, at the same time, its expedients are more numerous; and we may therefore affirm that sculpture is a much more difficult art. To be successful it is absolutely necessary that one acquire all the knowledge possible of Geometry, Mechanics and Anatomy, together with a knowledge of the human mind.

The annals of statuary record few artists of the fair sex, but it is pleasant to learn that a taste for this art is developing among women; and numbered among the few there is one who has made famous not only her race, but the American people, over the entire globe:

Miss Edmonia Lewis, the colored American artist, was born near Albany, New York, July 4, 1845. She is of mingled African and Indian descent, her father being a full-blooded African, and her mother a Chippewa Indian. Both parents died young, leaving the orphan girl at the age of three, and her brother, to be brought up by the Indians. Her opportunities for an education were very meagre, but she was sent to school by her brother, finally entering Oberlin College contemporary with Mrs. Fanny Jackson Coppin.

Miss Lewis is below the medium height; her complexion and features betray her African origin; but her hair is more of the Indian type, being black, straight and abundant. Her head is well-balanced, exhibiting a large, well-developed brain. Her manners are unassuming, and most winning and pleasing; her character displays all the proud spirit of her Indian ancestors.

On her first visit to Boston she saw a statue of Benjamin Franklin. She was filled with amazement and delight. The "stone image" was magical in her sight, and new powers stirred within her. "I, too, can make a stone man," she told herself, and she went at once

to visit William Lloyd Garrison, and told him her desires, and asked him how she could best set about accomplishing her wishes.

Infused by her enthusiasm, Mr. Garrison gave her a note of introduction to Mr. Brackett, the Boston sculptor, and after talking with her, he gave her a piece of clay and the mould of a human foot as a study. "Go home and make that," said he; "if there is anything in you, it will come out."

The young girl went home and toiled at the piece of clay with all the stoical determination of her Indian ancestors not to be defeated in her purpose, and when it was finished, she carried it to the sculptor. He looked at her model, broke it up, and said, "Try again." She tried again, modelling this time feet and hands, and finally attempted a medallion of the head of John Brown, which was pronounced excellent.

Her next essay was the bust of Colonel Robert G. Shaw. The family of the young hero heard of the bust which Miss Lewis was making as a work of love, and went to see it, and were delighted with the portrait which she had taken from a few poor photographs. Of this bust she sold one hundred copies, and with the money she set out for Europe, full of hope and courage, in 1865.

Arrived at Rome, Miss Lewis took a studio, and devoted herself to hard study and hard work, and there she made her first statue—a figure of Hagar in her despair in the wilderness. It is a work full of feeling, for, as she says, "I have a strong sympathy for all women who have struggled and suffered. For this reason the Virgin Mary is very dear to me." And we may believe this, for Miss Lewis had suffered, almost to the last extremity, from the baleful influence of slavery and caste prejudice.

The first copy of Hagar was purchased by a gentleman from Chicago. A fine group of the Madonna with the infant Christ in her arms, and two adoring angels at her feet, was purchased by the young Marquis of Bute, Lord Beaconsfield's (Disraeli) Lothair, for an altar-piece.

In 1867, she gave the world "The

Freedwoman". "The Death of Cleopatra", a vividly realistic work, was sent to the Centennial Exhibition of 1876; she has also given us "The Old Arrow-Maker and His Daughter", "Rebecca at the Well", and portrait busts of Henry W. Longfellow, Charles Sumner and Abraham Lincoln. The last mentioned work in is the San José library, California.

Among Miss Lewis' other work are two small groups, illustrating Longfellow's poem of Hiawatha. Her first, "Hiawatha's Wooing", represents Minnehaha seated, making a pair of moccasins, and Hiawatha by her side with a world of love-longing in his eyes. In the "Marriage", they stand side by side with clasped hands. In both, the Indian type of features is carefully preserved, and every detail of dress, etc., is true to nature. The sentiment is equal to the execution. They are charming hits, poetic, simple, natural; and no happier illustrations of Longfellow's poem were ever made than those by Miss Lewis. A fine marble bust of Longfellow was ordered from Miss Lewis by Harvard College.

At Rome this talented woman is visited by strangers from all nations, who visit the "Eternal City", and everyone admires her great genius. Her works show great ideality, a pure heart and an awakened mind. She has, of course, found her chief patronage abroad, where her ability has removed all barriers to association with the most aristocratic leaders, and communion with the greatest minds of the age.

In wood carving remarkable talent has been displayed by Miss Adina White, a young Negro woman.

Wood carving is indeed a rare gift, and one that appeals to the best traits in the artist—patience, perseverance, stability of effort—for wood is not plastic and it requires a strong imagination to evolve dainty fancies out of its hard, unyielding substance—strong imagination and firm, steady fingers.

Miss White was born in New Richmond, Ohio, a mile and a half from Gen. Grant's birthplace, but her family removed to Cincinnati when she was an infant. Here is something to think of.

Not from the picturesque South nor from the cultured North have our specimens of Negro artistic talent come, but from the vigorous West.

Adina White came to Cambridge in 1900, and since that time has been studying art in the Boston art schools. This young artist tells a pathetic story of hardship borne for the sake of this work of unremitting toil and effort, and of an indomitable courage.

"If only I could make enough to study here and then go abroad," was the cry of the girl artist as she spoke of her future. Miss Richards, who was her teacher, was making every possible effort to accomplish this end for her pupil. As Adina White stood over her work, with uplifted face and looking outward as if to catch some fleeting inspiration, the idealizing influence of her work was revealed.

The pieces of carving, from her own original designs, showed such skill and ability that it was quite surprising to learn how little of real instruction the girl had had. Upon asking her when the artistic instinct came to her, she answered: "O, I don't know. I used to cut figures on everything that came in my way when I was a very small child. It always seemed natural for me to do this since I used to make toy tea cups and miniature baskets out of peach stones."

"And could you draw, too, when you were a child?"

"Yes; that was how I came to take lessons. Miss Christine Sullivan, who was the supervisor of drawing in the public schools of Cincinnati, where I was educated, noticed my drawing one day and insisted upon my studying at the Cincinnati Art Academy.

"The wood carving department was then under Mr. Ben Pitman, and I worked there for some time."

Miss White's work is of far more than ordinary value and quality, for she has been employed in factories where hand carving has an important place, and was intrusted by one firm to execute a piece of work for the Columbian Exposition. This must have been a proud moment for

the little artist, for although the firm had all the credit (her name not appearing), the work was so exquisitely finished and the design so charming that she gained great local fame.

This carving was a table top, which represented all the wild flowers of Tennessee in a large bouquet in its centre. Miss White carved the wooden petals and stamens and stems from living flowers, and as the table was to be presented in the Tennessee Exposition Building, the design was particularly pretty and appropriate.

Of her work in the West, the most striking, perhaps, is that in the pulpit in the Bethel Church, Indianapolis. The central figure or panel represents a cross, about which a passion flower vine is entwined. At the base of the cross lies a weary-looking lamb. There is poetic instinct in the design, while the gothic treatment of the side panels and borders shows skilful handling.

A box of highly polished wood, the lid a mass of ox-eyed daisies, each leaf and each mossy center standing distinctly from the surface of the wood, was sold to a Boston patron. Beside the box were mirror frames, picture frames, wall panels and other bits, all showing the same skill in design and finish.

Interest in the artist's fortunes from the point of view of hereditary talent prompted the question:

"Did any of your parents or grandparents draw or carve?"

"No," she replied. "I don't know how I came to do it. My father is a steam-boat cook, and I never heard of any of my relatives caring much for this sort of thing."

This seems a case of sporadic Negro talent, until we remember that in Miss White there is a strain of Indian blood, and when we remember also that Miss Lewis is of the same extraction—African and Indian with no white blood filtering on through the two—the coincidence is remarkable, to say the least.

As representatives of a despised people, the genius of the women we have just described is too great to be hidden from the public, while the world asks us

scornfully what we have done to be classed among intellectual races, and at the same time tells us in derision that when we have proved our ability, then we shall be admitted to the brotherhood of men on an equal footing with other races.

We have been proving our ability since the days of Phyllis Wheatley and Benjamin Banneker; but it is a hopeless task to undertake to convince a wilfully blind and perverse generation. There is but one thing to do for those who have this God-given genius—seek other lands and there accomplish their manhood and womanhood far removed from the blighting influences from which we suffer in this caste-ridden and prejudice-cursed land of our birth.

This is a practical age—an age in which we are beginning to view every question of labor from its industrial side. If we possess any particular talent (for we cannot all be geniuses with vivid intellectual conceptions), the first question which presents itself to the practical mind is, how this talent can best serve us as a pivot for wage-earning? This is a momentous question for the Negro race at this stage of our progress, when avenues for gathering cold American dollars are gradually lessening for us.

For self-preservation the cosmopolitan citizens of this Republic must manufacture; they must have skilled labor. The rapid increase of scientific knowledge makes art a necessity. As science throws men out of employment, art must provide employment. The scientist and artist must walk hand in hand. The invention of labor-saving machinery for the farmer, enabling one man to do the work that formerly required ten, is rapidly driving men from the country to the cities. The invention of other machinery is rapidly throwing large masses of workmen out of employment. Political causes are adding to this evil. How to put the unemployed millions to work is the problem of the day. The salvation of all our citizens depends upon its solution. Skilled labor is the answer.

It takes but a few men to fashion a ton of iron watch bar, but a thousand

to work it into watch springs. Five men can make all the coarse pottery in use in a district, but it takes five hundred to make decorated ware and porcelain.

In France a large city is supported by the manufacture of watches; in Germany the rural population of the district near the Industrial Art School of Nuremberg live in comfort by the manufacture of toys, which are exported to all parts of the world. This is owing to the taste and knowledge diffused abroad by the Art School.

The demand for skilled labor is greater than ever, both to manage machinery and to take the product where machinery has left it and fashion it into value by the art of the decorator. Such a workman plies his handiwork at his own house and teaches the secrets of his trade to his family.

We look forward to the time when America shall rival other nations in Industrial Art—domestic architecture and decorative skill, and above all in all departments of painting.

The English were long held to be a people hopelessly inartistic and devoid of art possibilities; their wonderful development since 1851 challenges investigation. This is true also of America, only ten-fold greater.

The Puritan immigrants of New England had an abhorrence of art which marked the followers of the Reformation, and for two centuries the bare whitewashed walls of the plain meeting-house were in eloquent appeal against art adornment of ancient church or chapel. Such was the situation alike in England and the United States during the first half of the 19th century.

Drawing has lost its first definition as belonging to the realm of picture-making, and the movement for its general introduction into the public schools, and of definite endeavors to promote art decoration to develop and improve the art industries of the people seemed alike sudden in England and the United States. In England it was apparently the definite result of the humiliation that came to England as the result of the first world's fair held in London, in 1851.

In the United States it had its origin in Boston in 1870, where it was the direct outcome of the English movement.

American architects and their employers are awakening to a practical recognition of the value of art in the decoration of interior wall surfaces of public buildings. The value of a thorough training in industrial art drawing has at last become so generally recognized as to call for little argument.

To what does all this tend? To new avenues of employment and an awakening of all our faculties to the beauty and glory of the material world through art.

Here the Negro stands as fair a chance as any other people if he possesses the requisite skill; and for the young element there is every incentive to rise in a profession not yet overcrowded.

In all our large towns and cities we find ladies applying themselves to decorative art—on metals, ceramics and fabrics.

Mrs. Robert Ransom, well known in Boston's social life, is a most accomplished worker in decorative art. Her exquisite work on satin and china has been greatly admired at the Mechanic fairs, where she has been a regular exhibitor for years.

The philosophy of Sam Walter Foss is particularly applicable to our young people:

The path that leads to a loaf of bread
Winds through the swamps of toil,
And the path that leads to a suit of
clothes

Goes through a flowerless soil,
And the paths that lead to a loaf of bread
And the suit of clothes are hard to
tread.

And the path that leads to a house of
your own

Climbs over the bouldered hills,
And the path that leads to a bank account
Is swept by the blast that kills;
But the men who start in the paths to-day
In the Lazy Hills may go astray.

In the Lazy Hills are trees of shade,
By the dreamy brooks of Sleep,
And the rollicking river of Pleasure
laughs,

And gambols down the steep;
But, when the blasts of winter come,
The brooks and rivers are frozen
dumb.

Then woe to those in the Lazy Hills
When the blasts of winter moan,
Who strayed from the path to a bank
account

And the path to a house of their own.
These paths are hard in the summer heat,
But in winter they lead to a snug re-
treat.

A TRUCE TO PEACE.

W. H. GOODE.

Spirit of Peace, invoked by prayers of man,
Before thou foldest thy pinions on this earth,
Rise to yon heights from which thine eye may scan
Oppressions' wrongs which give the warrior birth.

Know that these wrongs and all their kindred train
Must banished to oblivion be consigned,
Ere man may halt or sheathe his sword again
Reluctant though he be to kill his kind.

Know that the bravest warrior serves thee best
Who on the bloodiest field slays human foes;
To build a shrine wherein thy form may rest
And guarded, be secure in thy repose.

When in forgetfulness of race or clime,
Men, in accord with Christian precepts deal;
Then, not before, my Spirit is the time
That thy glad mandates we with love may seal.

When human freighted ships to Jamestown's shore
Their savage burdens bore and there disposed,
Within her walls they drew the "wooden horse"
And here a Sampson's form has since reposed.

And here they might have toiled long ages hence
Nor sought the virtues of their master's house,
Had they been left to Afric's color dense,
Nor changed to varied hues the sable brows.

But see, the spoiler spoils but his own,
His is the life, the liberty and all,
Service is his and virtue must succumb,
Decree the courts, "The dusky maids must fall."

But in their fall fair maiden see thy woe,
There, none to offer a protecting hand,
From bad to worse thy lusting lovers go,
Till now a new race covers "half the land."

Immoral men, who gave to lust their all,
Ill-favored children born of base desires,
Oh! how we grieve when we see in their fall
That they bring down the daughters of their sires.

Not only this, but vengeance in the land
Stalks in the form of mobs, whose raving cry
Revenge and death, destruction but demand,
When they their country's power thus defy.

If Europe's troops should marshal for a fray,
And bid defiance to the western world,
Armies unknown would muster and dismay
The hosts who back to Europe would be hurled.

But here, at home we're nurturing a foe
More surely on this land's destruction bent
Than foreign arms whose might we'd overthrow.
While here we pause and seem to give assent.

Here, Peace, is cause sufficient for thy flight
Nor tarry thou till this cause is removed
For giant warriors here will wage their fight
Regardless of thy vision much beloved.

In this sad cause I think we might expect,
(Since scriptural reference we do not lack,)
That sin to sin its evil will reflect,
And passion often answer passion back.

THE ROSE.

CRISPUS ATTUCKS PALMER.

Nature rugged, strong and free,
Yet veiled with meek humility,
Doth give to earth's worn, restless throng
The gentle rose, to help them on
Life's weary path of truth and right;
To soothe the fearful thoughts of night.
And as its fragrance softly glides
Into each crevice, like the tide,
Its influence lifts us to a clime
Where mortals thirst for the divine,
And while we faintly tread the sod,
Each human heart seeks nature's God.



[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or topics as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout this country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

The Atlanta Constitution, one of the most influential dailies in all the South, interviewed Chief of Police Ball of that city, touching the conduct or behavior of the thousands of Negro delegates and visitors to the Negro Congress recently held in that city, and kindly gives its readers the result of that interview in the following extract.

The Atlanta Constitution, known as the paper of the late lamented Henry Grady, apostle of "The New South," has always shown a willingness to keep its readers informed of the jewels on the bright side of the Negro life and encourage all efforts put forth by the Negro which meant his elevation to the highest and best character of good citizenship. The interview is as follows:

"I cannot let the opportunity pass to praise the Negro Young People's Congress for the excellent order that was maintained in the city during the

deliberations of that body. There is nearly always a possibility of disorder where there are large gatherings even among the better class of white people. But with 5,000 people in the city for nearly a week, there was not a single case calling for police interference among the delegates to the Congress."

Chief Ball made this statement when asked by a representative of The Constitution what he thought of the order kept by the Negro Young People's Congress that has just met in Atlanta.

"I am glad to have the chance," continued the chief, "to express my appreciation of the Negroes who attended the Congress. Not only did they keep perfect order, but they had a marked effect on our Negroes in the city, who seemed to feel a sort of pride in the fact that such a meeting was going on in their midst, and the police had fewer arrests to make during the past week.

"All the better class of Negroes in

the city attended the Congress, and those who did not attend tried to show that they felt enough interest in the proceedings to keep quiet. I was impressed not only with the elevating influence of education and Christianity with the Negro, but with the force of example it furnished others who are

Congress was seen on Decatur street, the thoroughfare that usually proves an attraction to Negroes visiting the city on ordinary occasions. The saloons took in not a penny extra on account of the large crowd of visitors. The five thousand visitors, who are among the best of their race, were



CHARLES WINTER WOOD, BOSTON, MASS., AND TUSKEGEE, ALA.

See page 345.

among the class that give the police trouble.

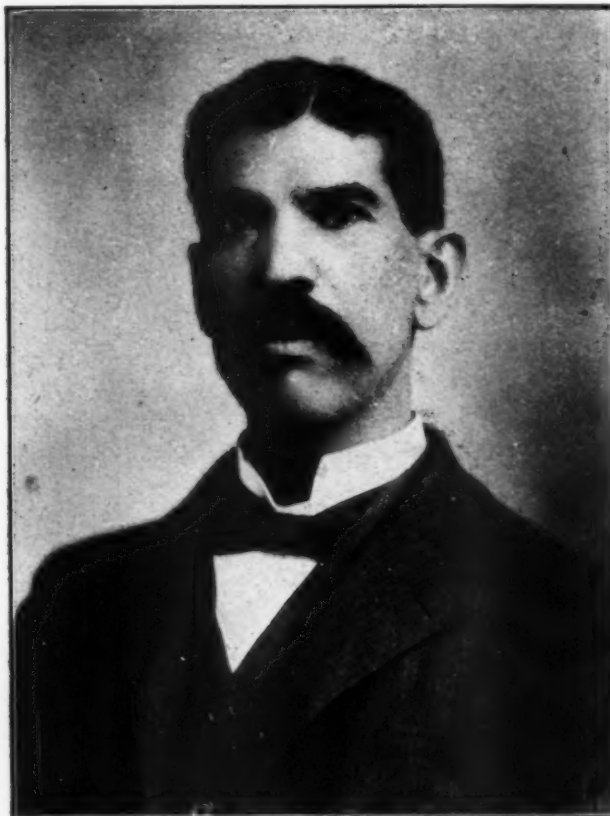
"The street cars were crowded every day," continued the chief, "and the street car men tell me that there was not an instance where the slightest trouble arose in handling the immense crowds. My men and officers report that although the streets were filled with visitors, the good order was exceptional. Not a single member of the

singly and collectively as quiet and well behaved as any body of people could possibly have been. A comparison of this crowd with the excursions that come into the city on holiday occasions, when a different element mixes in the throng, makes a marked contrast. Take our Fourth of July celebrations, when carloads of Negroes arrive who have not had the elevating influences that surround the members

of the Congress that has just met here. We have to double up the police, and the police barracks is overcrowded with prisoners. The Congress, I am told, has accomplished a great work, but they have done nothing better, I think, than to show the people what order can be kept by a body of Negroes who are laboring to elevate and assist

to help him if he will not mix too much Roosevelt, Hanna and Booker T. Washington in it.

Harry C. Smith will always do the square thing; though he will go at you without gloves if he thinks you are directing your business so as to hurt the interests of the race.—Chicago Conservator.



DR. WM. SEVIER, NASHVILLE, TENN.

their race to make themselves good and law-abiding citizens."

Speaking of Thomas Fortune as President of the Afro-American Council, the Cleveland Gazette has this to say:

T. Thomas Fortune can make an acceptable President of the National Afro-American Council—if he will. We stand ready to do all in our power

DR. WM. SEVIER.

Attended school in Fisk University, worked in hay fields until summer schools opened and taught in country schools, hauled staves up and down the river until he was able to enter Meharry Medical College in 1890, after paying his tuition had \$20 left, with which to pay a five months' board and other incidental expenses.

After remaining in school one term of five months, took charge of Dr. P. R.

Burrus' drug store and remained there until after he graduated from Meharry Medical School in 1894, out of a class of sixty-five. He was the only Negro graduate of the Northwestern Pharmaceutical School of Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Sevier has since been elected Professor of Pharmacy in Meharry Medical College. He has worked as a pharmacist in Chicago, Memphis, and is at

year. He is known by his customers as "The Reliable." He can always be found at his place of business and the prompt attention given his customers has won for him a good and seemingly prosperous business in the city of Nashville. A joke is told that when Dr. Sevier left his home and came to Nashville to study pharmacy after he had matriculated and paid his first tuition for the year, and



DELAWARE WHITING, NEW YORK, N. Y.

present the senior partner of Sevier & Parker's drug store.

He is one of the strongest race men in the South. His free lectures from church to church, urging the Negroes to patronize colored enterprises and stick closer together as a people, has been felt throughout the entire city of Nashville. Dr. Sevier stands high in this city as a K. of P.

Dr. Sevier is known far and wide for his special attention to business, although he is compelled to be with his classes a part of each day for five months in the

gone to look for a boarding place, he counted his cash balance and found himself registered for a two years' course in pharmacy with only twenty dollars in money.

When asked what he should do, his reply was: "Instead of money making me, I make money. Others have been in a worse condition than I, and have come out as conqueror. My opinion is whatever a man has done, man may do. I have come to study pharmacy, and shall be in Nashville a graduate of the class of 1902, unless prevented by a failure of health or death."

The Town of Owego, N. Y., lies on the banks of the Susquehanna river. It is a railroad centre; the D. L. & W., the Erie and the Lehigh Valley pass through the town. By many it is considered the most beautiful and is said to have more money than any other town of its size in the State.

and county treasurer, in the person of Mr. E. R. Spaulding. These gentlemen are worthy representatives with large and interesting families.

Robert Garfield Cheeks is a young man not yet twenty-one years of age. He comes of an industrial family, having learned the carpenter's trade under his



R. G. CHEEKS, OWEGO, N. Y.

Then, too, it has a very creditable history in producing several of the most influential men now in politics in this country. Owego is now beginning to recognize merit in the race, favoring those found competent; and yet there is prejudice to be lived down; recognizing this fact, the colored student is becoming more studious in acquiring a literary and industrial education. We have had among us a Notary elected by the Democratic party, in the person of Mr. J. M. Hollensworth, also a town

father and in an industrial school. He struggled hard to demonstrate his ability in that capacity and has at last succeeded. He is now employed by one of the leading contractors in the town and western part of the State. Mr. Cheeks is a temperate young man with excellent habits, a favorite and a social leader among the young set. He has eight brothers and one sister. His brother, Will, the great bass singer, traveled in Europe. While there he married and settled in London; Fred belongs to the Grand Union Hotel

force of New York city; Charles is a grocery clerk of this town; Walter drives for one of the leading physicians of Chicago; Orin is a hostler, and David, the youngest of the family, not yet sixteen years old, is learning the mason's trade.

Mr. Cheeks is one of a family of twenty-one children, ten of whom are

are pleased to note the steady progress Mrs. Wilson has made and the success she has achieved in her musical career.

Born in Marlboro, Mass., on October 25, 1875, Miss Goins attended the public schools, graduating from the grammar school in '90 and from the High school four years later.



MRS. IDA GOINS WILSON.

still living. Miss Louise takes care of the house for the father and the few boys at home, their mother having been dead now six years.

One of our active and progressive young women, and of whom we would make mention in this issue, is Mrs. W. P. Wilson.

Mrs. Wilson, as Miss Ida Goins, will be readily remembered among the musical circles of Boston and Cambridge, where before her marriage she was one of our popular soprano soloists. We

Worthy of mention is the fact that at her graduation with a class of forty, all white, Miss Goins was given the honors for singing in French one of Gounod's beautiful selections, which displayed the sweet, flexible qualities of her voice, and indicated great possibilities for her future as a singer.

At this time Miss Goins completed a two years' study in music under the distinguished Madam Nellie Brown-Mitchell, of Roxbury, and for the next two years continued under Prof. E. N. Anderson, of Worcester.

We can recall some of her appearances in Boston at this time, where she sang in Tremont Temple Sunday afternoons, also in Music Hall and Faneuil Hall, under the management of Mr. J. C. Spencely, always to crowded houses, her clear, sweet voice easily heard throughout the vast auditorium.

ica in the Summer and in Bermuda in the Winter.

PROF. P. PENALVER.

The subject of this sketch was born in Havana, Cuba, and arrived in New York at the age of twelve years. After graduating from Prof. Chas. L. Reason's



PROF. P. PENALVER, NEW YORK, N. Y.

For eight years Miss Goins was soloist of the choir in the First (white) Baptist Church, Marlboro, where she also was engaged as assistant organist, having studied under Prof. B. B. Gillette, organist of Trinity Church, Boston.

On the 10th of June, 1896, Miss Goins was married in the First Baptist Church, Marlboro, to Mr. W. P. Wilson, of California, where he had retired from active service on the police force. Since then they have travelled much, living in Amer-

Grammar school, he devoted himself ardently to the study of music and science. As a performer on the violin, guitar, piano, mandolin, 'cello and organ, his abilities equal the most distinguished, and are surpassed by a limited few as a composer.

His latest compositions are: "My Heart is Fond and True", classical song; "The Battleship March", characteristic, and "The Twilight Concert Waltz". He has also mastered the science of astrology, physianthropy and phrenology, and

can read character like a book, and is able at first glance to distinguish the character or ability of a subject.

Miss Ella White is still a young miss in her teens. She is a very modest and

uated June 5th, and has the distinction of being the only girl in her class of six girls and five boys to graduate without having to take a final examination. Her record for the year was so far above the required average.



MISS ELLA N. WHITE, HALISPELL, MONT.

highly respected young lady. All her school days were spent in Montana. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. White, formerly of San Antonio, Texas, came to Montana from Dakota, the place of her birth, when she was but a baby girl.

She is the first colored girl to graduate in this county (Flathead). She grad-

Miss Ella will attend the State Normal School in Prairie View, Texas. Miss Christina White, sister of Ella, will graduate next year.

She leaves for Texas the 10th of August.

Among the progressive young men of

Georgia, Mr. J. H. Walker, of Macon, is prominent. He was born near Monticello, Florida, in 1870, and received a liberal education in the best schools of that state. He removed to Georgia several years ago, after having been ap-

tions of the race, and has attained the high honor of being a Past Grand Master of the G. U. O. of Odd Fellows, and is now Chancellor Commander of Armor Lodge, No. 64, K. of P. He is also a thirty-third degree Mason, and is the



J. H. WALKER, MACON, GA.

pointed to a responsible position in the United States Railway Mail Service. Besides filling this position in the government service, Mr. Walker is the cashier of the Georgia Loan and Savings Company. Mr. Walker takes an active part in church work, being at this time one of the trustees of the Cotton Avenue A. M. E. Church, one of the largest and most influential churches in the city of Macon. He finds time to be an active member of several of the secret organiza-

Illustrious Deputy Grand Inspector General for the State of Georgia, of the United Supreme Council of the 33d and last degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, and also W. M. of Central City Lodge, No. 199, A. F. and A. M. Mr. Walker is the owner of some valuable real estate, having recently come in possession of some very fine timbered land in the lower section of Florida. He is the representative of the Colored American Magazine in Macon, Ga., and

copies can be obtained from him at any time.

Miss Lottie Johnson, the subject of this sketch, was born in Richmond, Va. Her public career began when she was seven years of age under Cornelius Minns, Esq. After finishing the prescribed courses of study in the Grammar school, she was sent to the famous Warren Street School in Philadelphia, where she graduated with high honors.

About this time Mrs. Johnson became deeply impressed with the idea that her daughter should have a trade, so she arranged for Miss Johnson to go to Brooklyn, N. Y., where she entered the Dress-making and Millinery Departments of the Young Women's Christian Association. Being naturally gifted with the needle Miss Johnson made rapid progress in the art of dress-making, and graduated from the department in June, 1901, standing 100% in the final examination. Miss Johnson continued her studies in millinery and graduated from that department as professor in June, 1902. During the whole course of study at the Young Women's Christian Association Miss Johnson was held in the highest esteem by her teachers and classmates, she being the only colored girl in the millinery class. She has already received several calls to teach from various schools, the last and most favorable call being from Richmond, Va., which she has partly decided to accept. She is a firm believer in the highest possibilities of the young women of the race, and thinks that the various industrial vocations should be strictly adhered to as well as other professions. All through her studies her mother was her bosom companion, from whom she received much inspiration and encouragement. She is of a sweet and loving disposition; and by natural and loving disposition and by nature and training, a born teacher.

NEGRO HOMES.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

I do not believe it is possible for any one to judge very thoroughly of the life of any individual or race unless he

gets into the homes. How I recall that in my own case I have completely misjudged the real worth of individuals because I was led to pass my opinion upon them because their dress was coarse or their language broken or their face uninviting. It has only been when I have seen the evidences of culture, convenience, thoughtfulness and gentleness displayed inside the homes of such people that I have been made to see the mistake of judging people outside of their homes. So, with regard to the Negro, if one wants to get an idea of the progress that the race has made within a few years, he should not pass judgment until he has had an opportunity to get into the homes of the race. To see the better side of the home life of the Negro is not an easy thing for a stranger or for a member of another race to do. During the last three years I have spent considerable time in traveling through the South. During this time I have seen my people in the fields, in the shops, in schools, in colleges, in churches, in prisons, and in their homes, but in no place have I noted such evidence of progress as in their homes. Behind the development of nearly every home there was a history, in many cases both romantic and pathetic, a history of struggle or self-sacrifice, of failure, and then final success. Let me tell in brief the story of one of these homes I found in Mississippi. I found myself one night not long ago a guest in a home in Mississippi of a member of my race. There were in it seven rooms. The parlor, the kitchen, the dining room and bath and bed rooms were as clean, sweet, comfortable, conveniently arranged and attractive as one would expect to find in Massachusetts. On the table of the sitting-room were to be found the daily paper, a weekly paper and several magazines; many of the books on the shelves of the library were standard books. The pictures on the walls were not of the cheap, "dawdy", flashy character, but had been selected with taste and care. I saw little about the house except the color of the occupants to re-

mind me that I was in the house of a Negro. There was from kitchen to parlor a delicacy, sweetness and refinement that made one feel that life was worth living. Another thing that pleased me as much as what I saw was the pride with which each member of the family referred to his own race, and

cated, the more he finds comfort and satisfaction in the company of educated members of his own people.

There are other evidences of the activity of the race in home-getting. In Alabama, for example, there are at the present time three incorporated towns or cities where practically all the in-

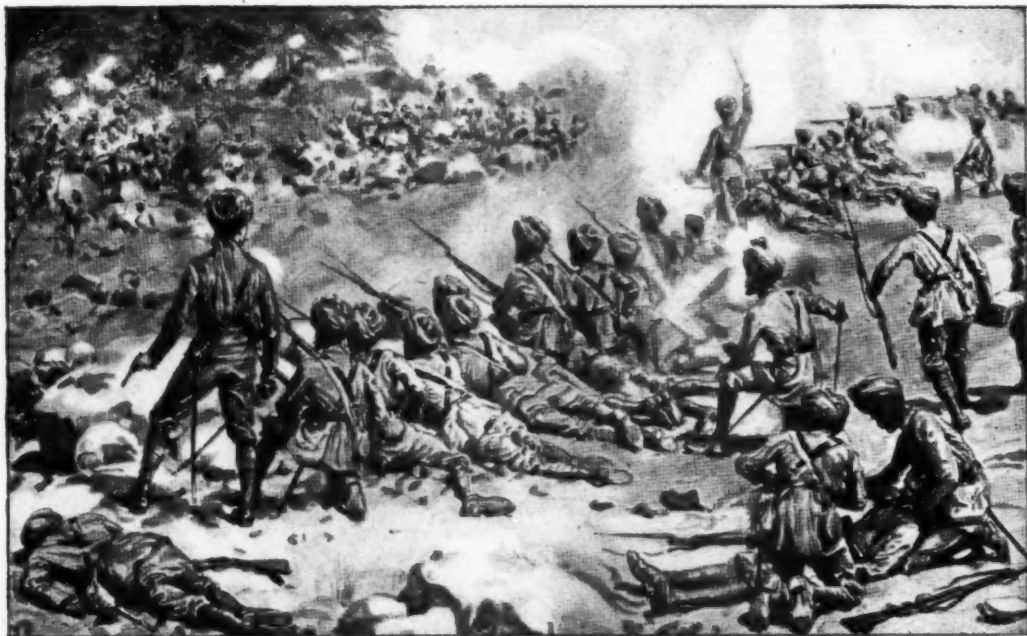


MISS LOTTIE JOHNSTON, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

See page 378.

the faith all exhibited in the success of the race. I neither heard nor saw anything that led me to believe that any member of the family was ashamed of his people or wanted to discard the race to which Providence had assigned him for another race. Many people, I think, have the feeling that the average Negro is continually seeking to get away from his own people, forgetting that every sensible Negro has as much pride in his own as is true of other races. As the Negro becomes edu-

habitants are Negroes, and where all the town officials are of the same race. Their names are Hobson City, Douglass City and Booker City. In the case of one of these towns within a few weeks one hundred lots were sold to members of the race, and out of this number I was informed on good authority that there was only one purchaser who could not read and understand the papers bearing upon the purchase of the property.—Christian Work.



THE GREAT ONSLAUGHT OF THE AFRIDIS.

THE AFRIDIS REBELLION OF CENTRAL INDIA.

PROF. S. E. F. C. C. HAMMEDOE.

England's position in India is now, and has always been, hard to define, and her relations to the mountain tribes of that country are a perfect maze. Ever since the charter was granted to the East India Trading Co., England has had a series of petty wars, first with European nations for supremacy, then with the native tribes to establish the invincible "Union Jack", that is known by nearly every race and tribe on earth; and those people who swear or have sworn allegiance to it, are always sure of the protection of the British Empire.

England's knitting together of the tribes of India, and her breaking down the barriers of caste are without a precedent, and although famine after famine may occur, it is but a mere bagatelle compared to what it was before England's flag was put up to stay, and a relief is always afforded by England's bounty.

England's prestige over all her vast possessions has always been maintained by force of arms, and the world has come to know that when "Tommy Atkins" determines to accomplish anything, only death itself will stop him. The man who has just terminated the war in South Africa and the Soudan deserves great credit for the Empire's present high position.

In all the expeditions to Afghanistan and Chitral, the forerunners of the Afridi uprising, Russia has always had an eye to India, as an outlet to her Siberian and Turkistan Provinces. England has also kept an eye to this, and has looked on in a semi-quiet state, until the first Afghan War, when by treaty the Ameer of Afghanistan became an ally and promised to safe-guard the interest of Afghanistan and England against Russian aggression.

Failure to do this brought on the second Afghan war, when a treaty was made with the two mountain tribes, the Afridis and Arakzais, to keep the mountain passes open. They were paid a fixed amount each year by the Indian government, and furnished with arms and ammunition, and with the other Indian troops garrisoned the thirty miles of forts and block houses throughout the mountains.

Had they had the best brains of Continental Europe to help them, as did the Boers in South Africa, the war would have continued, owing to their strong position, for many years, instead of for a few months. It has always been the idea in Continental Europe, that if a Russian Army was to appear in the Afridi country, and in the upper Swat valley, they would throw open the passes and help to reconquer their country. But this is a mistaken idea, for the Sikhs and Ghurkas, as well as the other tribes, have proven under fire that the Briton is not their superior, and they handle the guns with the same bull-dog tenacity of the Scot or Welsh, whose daring has been heralded all over the civilized world, and whose loyalty is undisputed.

Lord Roberts retorted to the British Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, when he said that the army of India could not be counted on in time of war, that His Excellency was misinformed and that he did not know the Indian Army. He further said that as Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, in time of war, he would take that army against any army in the world, in preference of home troops. Among these same troops was a company of these Afridis, who fought their own tribes with the same tenacity of the Scots.

The real cause of the Afridi uprising was a pure and simple case of "Religious Fanaticism". They were independent and received their pay regularly, and when the news reached Bombay that Chakdara was besieged, and the entire upper Swat valley was in revolt, the news, though an uprising had been expected, came in a most unwelcome hour.

The small besieged force held out well under great disadvantages, until General Micklejohn's forces relieved them, losing only twenty-six wounded and four dead. This plucky little force lost thirteen men while besieged, but they killed one thousand Afridis and Orzarkais. General Micklejohn's forces killed five hundred at the raising of the siege, and they further learned that the Mad Mullah of Hodda had aroused the whole country to arms, and, with thousands of Mohammedans at his heels, he was cursing the infidels whom he declared the Prophet had delivered into their hands.

They burned Shankargarh, and things did look very serious, because the leaders of those tribes had been trained in the use of arms, by the officers of Her Majesty's Army. Many believed that the Sultan of Turkey would proclaim a holy war against the Christian dogs, and Mad Mullahs rose up like fleas, and as the Sultan's hand was stayed by England's power in the Turco-Greco war, they supposed it was in retaliation. After the relief of Chakdara they pushed on to Peshawar, about seventeen miles from the famous Kyber Pass, which was another great bone of contention, and was surrounded by seven forts in possession of the Bornevals, a tribe as much to be dreaded as the Afridis, who had a large quantity of artillery and ammunition. The Commander-in-Chief had seventeen thousand men in the field, but their picket posts were attacked daily, their rear guard harassed and their camps sniped for hours every evening.

Many commanding officers lost their lives, and the natives all along the Cabul river were treacherous. Just beyond was that famous gorge, in possession of the enemy, which Lord Napier of Magdala said could resist the attack of any invading force. But the great loss of the Afridis at Chakdara, Malakand, and en route, began to make itself felt, and the tribes of the upper Swat valley began to surrender unconditionally.

A couple of Brigades were ordered to Rawal-Pindi, and another strong detachment was sent to Kohat, and the Ameer was notified that he had incurred the

displeasure of the Indian government, for asylum offered to the Mullahs on Afghanistan soil.

The Afridis attacked Fort Musjid at the head of the Kyber Pass, while the other division attacked fort Maude, and laid the siege so sore that the English were bound to evacuate at sundown, and they were burned by the Afridis, who then retired up the pass, closely followed by Gen. Westcott's relief, Co. K Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery.

volt for the second time, still in the pay of the government.

They found Landikai and Jalala infested with three thousand tribesmen who fought desperately until the arrival of reinforcements with artillery, which speedily brought them to terms. The Afridis who held the forts in the Kyber Pass deserted and went over to the Mullahs, carrying their arms and ammunition with them. They opened the gates of the fort to the invaders, and Landi Kotal



THE GORDONS BRINGING DOWN THE GHURKAS AFTER THE ASSAULT.

The two garrisons that had evacuated forts Musjid and Maude, joined the Kyber Pass rifle corps, while another detachment descended on Kadam. The Orakzais attacked fort Sudda, three miles south, but were routed by the Fifth Goorkhas and two hundred of the Thirty-sixth Sikhs. The three hundred Kurman troops were able to hold out until relieved by Gen. Westcott's corps.

The Ameer of Afghanistan then denied any complicity with the Mullahs. The order was then given to arrest all suspicious chiefs, and three Beloochistan chiefs were arrested on suspicion of treason, while many of them were in re-

fort was evacuated by the loyal Shim warriors, who found it impossible to hold out against them. The Afridis then helped to defend the fort against the British whom they should have welcomed.

Shall we not here say a word about this famous Kyber Pass of which we have spoken so often? Beginning at Jamud, about ten miles from Peshawar, is a defile of gorges, with high hills on all sides, through a chain of mountains for thirty miles, formerly the home of robbers, and so situated that every foot of it would have to be contested in time of war. After the first Afghan war the Indian

government gave it back to the Kabul authorities until the second Afghan war in 1878, when Shere Ali Khan's policy for intriguing with the Russian government caused the Indian government to demand of him that he define his future policy, and Sir Neville Chamberlain, accompanied by Cavagnari, was ordered on reaching the village Lala Cheena to return by Mohamed Khan.

The Governor of Ali did not approve of this proceeding, and broke off all offi-

to take possession. The troops of Gen. Ellis were attacked in the night at the Semana hills, but the rear guard, although it suffered much, under command of Gen. Pully repulsed them.

The Goorkas made such a strong attack on the posts of Gulistan, that Gen. Yates had not yet been able to relieve them. The Orakzais fought desperately and besieged Saragari that was held by thirty-six Sikhs, and put every man to the sword. This success pushed them



THE ASSAULT ON DARGI RIDGE.

cial communications, and he was informed that if he did not communicate with the Indian government before November 20th, his territory would be invaded. As no communication was received, Lord Roberts put in action three separate columns or armies, one to move on Kandahar, the second by the Kurum valley and the third, under General Sir Samuel Browne, was to enter by this famous Kyber Pass. As soon as General Browne's army came within range of the Shaggai Heights, he opened fire with heavy artillery, and fought all day until sundown, when they evacuated under cover of the night, leaving the British

on to Fort Lockhart and Cavagnari, where they were met by Gen. Yates and routed as the army proceeded to relieve Gulistan. Next we hear of the heroic charge made by the Gordon Highlanders at Dargi Ridge. Gen. Briggs then met the Afridis on the left bank of the Chagm Katal, where they were whipped. This stronghold was on a hill one thousand feet high and could only be reached by a precipitous zig-zag path. It was the second attack of the Ghurkas and then the Derbyshires and the Dorsetshires tried and failed. Then Col. Matthias gave this command: "Men of the Gordon Highlanders, the general says that that

position must be taken at all costs. The Gordon Highlanders will take it." The men received the command with a cheer, and such a charge as they made has not been known since Balaklava. They stormed those heights, losing twenty-one men, seven majors and one lieutenant

on to Ghumdaki, clearing the hills from right to left. The order "Forward" was given when with fixed bayonets they advanced, clearing hill after hill until the defile was clear and the valley of the Mistura river was reached. The Afridis went eastward to intercept



THE MAD MULLAHS' LAST STAND.

ant. Piper Finlader earned the much coveted Victoria Cross, as he was shot in both legs, but with his hands he dragged himself to a rock and continued to play "Cock of the Walk", until from loss of blood he fell on his face.

Gen. Sparrow advanced and seized the heights commanding the entrances to Sanpagha Pass, while Sir Wm. Lockhart

the British division, entering from Peshawar. The people in the valley fled and the tribes in Tirah began to give up, and the Orzakais began to acknowledge defeat, but the Zaka and Dka Khel tribes continued to fight.

Many skirmishes took place and sniping was in order every night, when the Commander-in-Chief issued a proclama-

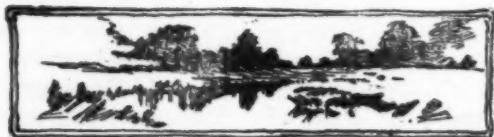
tion giving the terms of surrender: "Give up all of the arms stolen from the Government, consisting of eight hundred breech-loading rifles and pay fifty thousand rupees, with hostages for good behavior in future. All former grants and all allowances to the tribe are suspended, and the entire affair will be tendered to Her Majesty's Government for adjustment."

About six hundred British casualties had happened to that date. It did not look much like peace, however, for the Mullahs were again inciting the people against the infidels. But cold weather practically closed the campaign, and all of the British troops were withdrawn for the winter to the Bara valley. While evacuating they were harassed by the Akakhel tribes firing from the heights where they sniped the camp at night, and many times they brought the artillery to play on their Sangers and in two days they entered the Warau valley, having destroyed all their lancers en route. Of the rear guard one hundred and fifty were cut off from the main army, but they took good care of themselves, showing up next day with four dead and fourteen wounded of the Gordons. Again Sir Wm. Lockhart issued another proclamation warning the Afridis into submission, and to let their families go back to their homes, telling them he did not wish to keep his troops there in the cold. But, he added, "I am not going to leave your country until you comply with the terms of the government and I shall attack all of your other settlement for, whatever your adversaries may tell you, the Afridis' attack on the English is like fleas attacking a lion." The Orakzais tribe gave up their rifles and paid their fines. He sent Gen.

Symons' forces to occupy Kyber Pass and Gen. Gesslees to Chira by the Chira Pass, destroying all of their towns in the Malik Khel district. But the Bomerwals were very persistent, and occupied Chena, the only important village in the district, and they kept up a guerilla warfare, and the British forces brought its affairs to an end, and the boast of the Afridis Nation has become a story of the past, as it is now an integral part of the Indian Empire, but no Afridis regiment exists and they receive no tribute from the government.

Strangers guard the passes, while they must resort to agriculture for their rupees. The customs of these people differ greatly from the other tribes of India, or I may say every tribe has its peculiarity. Their houses are built of wood, and consist of from two to three rooms where everything is put in at random, and blood feuds exist, sometimes for ages, and a violation of the seventh commandment sometimes causes the whole family to be wiped out. First the husband cuts off his wife's nose and then goes to seek her lover. If he finds him and kills him his folks will in turn declare a feud and kill the husband.

If he fails, his wife's folks will kill him, so it is death either way. The Swatis sell their wives for rifles, but the Bomerwals have great respect for their wives and will not part with them. Yet they are the most priest-ridden of the lot and it is firm belief in the Mullahs that caused the last uprising. The war practically ended January 21st, 1898, when Sir Bindon Blood gave his farewell to the army, wishing a cordial good-bye to all who had fought so gallantly in the frontier uprising or Afridis Rebellion.



SHALL THE WHEELS OF RACE AGITATION BE STOPPED?

JOHN MITCHELL, JR., EDITOR OF "THE RICHMOND PLANET."

For twenty years, I have waged an unceasing crusade against lynching and all forms of lawlessness. As I sit today writing this article, my mind goes back to the stirring scenes through which I have passed. I have lived here in the Southland and I have cried aloud, although the lawless elements seemed to have spared not.

I have tried to show our oppressed people that the exhibition of nerve and the display of courage would not always be attended with fatal results. My visit to Charlotte county, more than fifteen years ago, and the lonely drive through that dangerous section of Virginia, my midnight trip through Chesterfield county to bring back 15-year-old Simon Walker, the missing of the right road and the final escorting of the mob's intended victim to Richmond, the celebrated Lunenburg Case, which took eighteen months of continuous legal fighting, with my life at times as much in danger as the lives of the hapless prisoners whom I was defending, come up before me, when you ask, "Shall the wheels of race agitation be stopped?"

This question was prompted by the unfortunate and damaging reports sent out from St. Paul, Minn., as a result of the recent meeting of the National Afro-American Council. I confess that I experienced a feeling of dismay, when I learned that the leaders of the race had been charged with "fiddling while Rome is burning."

What is the cause of this? Why should a simple desire for office be allowed to come between an individual and a principle for which we are contending? I am personally acquainted with the founder of this great organization. I knew of his hopes and witnessed his aspirations. When he dis-

cussed with me his plans for the building up of a great race organization, in all of his discussion of the subject he made himself secondary and spoke of others as candidates for the mantle of leadership.

Being a strict observer of human nature and a student of motives, I was unwilling then and am loth now to believe that I had been deceived in Bishop Alexander Walters, the distinguished churchman, who has during all of these years led this remarkable movement.

But the most damaging and dangerous charge was that the election of officers was set for one day and without due notice was held on another day. If this is true, it was a mistake, although not a crime. It may have been lawful, but it was not expedient, although we do not believe that the men whose names are mentioned in connection with the affair were guilty of any improper motives.

To make bad matters worse, Mrs. Ida Wells Barnett resigned and declined to serve longer as the Chairman of the Anti-lynching Bureau. This was the worst blow of all, in that her labors in this direction have been closely akin to my own, and she stands first and foremost among the agitators against lynching in this country. I am not surprised, then, that the public should stand aghast and propound the question, "Shall the wheels of race agitation be stopped?"

The newly elected officers constitute the redeeming feature of the affair. Editor Thomas Fortune, the newly elected President, is the ablest Afro-American journalist in this country today. This is our firm conviction, and the result of a careful observation of his writings during a decade. As an

agitator, he is able and brilliant. His only besetting fault is that he is indiscreet and I might remark that he is too impulsive.

He possesses but little of that cool, far-seeing discretion of Bishop Alexander Walters, whose friend he is. The organization as at present constituted, with Bishop Walters as Chairman of the Executive Committee, is in safe hands. But these rumors will necessarily tend to embarrass and handicap the present officers in their efforts to carry on the great work.

It might be well to observe here that there has been a disposition on the part of the administration's managers to control the policy and edit the resolutions passed by every colored organization of any size and importance, and when it is remembered that the leading figure in the reception of the Council at St. Paul was a devoted adherent and consistent admirer of the High Priest of the Latter-Day Democracy, this may account for the haste in electing officers on the one hand and bitterness of the charges on the other.

While the absentees dined, the faithful elected officers. I drop this hint, which will bring about a suspicion that after all politics may yet be found at the bottom of it. And the remedy for this is self-evident. Will the thoughtful, race-loving laborer, mechanic and business colored men, or those engage in any other independent vocation unaffected by the political breezes which are at present sweeping over the country, come to the front and take charge of these organizations which have been launched for the improvement of the race's condition? These exhibitions of temper in national gatherings have had a tendency to nullify our efforts to secure racial recognition. It has caused our white friends, and their name is Legion, despite the adverse conditions through which we are now passing, to pause in their efforts to secure for us material and political recognition.

The National Afro-American Council had attained a degree of prominence and popularity unequalled in the history of similar organizations. As the men who

created it are still in charge, we cannot believe that its power for good has disappeared or its mission ended.

"Shall the wheels of race agitation be stopped?" To ask this question is to answer it. Not while men are being burned at the stake, bodies of the victims mutilated, children butchered, innocent colored people lynched, convict camps the scenes of ravenous brutality, courts of justice changed to courts of injustice, and the highest tribunal in the land made the place for the recognition of error.

No week comes in and goes out without its ghastly record of horrible lynchings. In the face of all of this, the United States Supreme Court is either silent, brutally ignoring vital questions which are presented, or rendering decisions which are not only a travesty upon justice, but a disgrace to any land. Anarchy exists in the United States and slavery in the Philippines.

"Shall the wheels of race agitation be stopped?" Come to the Southland and feel the iron wheel of oppression. Look at cultured men and women in convention assembled. It is only here and there that any member of the race can be found to have the hardihood to speak out upon these burning questions and take the chances of being prematurely sent to the other world.

The educated colored man, as a rule, will discuss every subject under the sun in meeting assembled, except politics, lynchings and kindred outrages. To do so, is to invite ostracism and to bring forward a gentle hint from some unknown quarter that he is a dangerous Negro and a fit subject for removal either by fight or by the shot-gun route.

A bitter experience has taught me these things. I was born here, and here I expect to remain, either above the earth or within its bosom.

"Shall the wheels of race agitation be stopped?" Not while the evidences remain that this race-agitation has done so much good in imbuing a few Afro-Americans with manhood. The right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is an inherent one. The man who defends that right to the death is a hero.

The man who yields it up without a struggle is a coward. The latter, whether white or black, is not popular in this country at the present time.

We have produced a Bob Brewer in Georgia, a Robert Charles in Louisiana and a Will Henderson in Alabama, and we have hopes of having similar exhibitions of courage in all of the Southern states. These men gave lasting examples of true bravery and sold their lives at a price too dear to invite a repetition in their respective localities. It is evident that this race agitation has had the effect of producing a new factor in the struggle against lawlessness, and the irresponsible mobs are slowly realizing that in the lynching of Afro-Americans there comes a danger to the lynchers themselves. The true remedy is therefore to be found in the attitude of the victim. People as a rule are lynched because the mob believes that it can be done quickly, and without danger or fear of future punishment.

Were it possible to arm every prisoner and give him a chance for his life, or to make an arsenal, so to speak, of every lonely cabin in the Southland, the tendency to indulge in this kind of pastime would rapidly disappear. I have hopes that this agitation will continue until the Colored Americans of this country will realize the full import of the ancient English maxim that "every man's home is his castle", and that he has a right to defend it against lawless invaders, whether they come as lynchers or are "appointed on the spot" deputy sheriffs.

When the "colored folks' religion" will have a tendency to make them brave rather than to mold them cowards, thousands of people of my way of thinking will have more confidence in its efficacy as providing an unfailing transportation to Heaven.

I indulge in the hope that I shall see the day before I close my eyes in death that the black man will fire upon a white mob with the same certainty and deadly accuracy that a white man would fire upon a black mob. I hope to see a union of the liberty-loving, law-abiding elements of both races combined to put down the lawless elements of whatever nationality and of whatever clime.

Feeling as I do to-day, I would shoulder my rifle or sling on my Colt to protect a white man against a mob with the same alacrity that I would to accord a colored man the same favor. It is the principle which is at stake. "Shall the wheels of race agitation be stopped?" I cannot believe that the thoughtful men of the country would for an instant tolerate such a proposition. Already we have had practical examples of the awakening of the country to the enormity of the offense against the laws. The lynching of colored men has led to the lynching of white ones. The foundations of civilization have been shaken, until protests against lynching have come from the gate-way to Hell, if not Hell itself—I refer to Texas. The Governor of Alabama has spoken out in language too plain to be misunderstood, and the Governor of Georgia has marshalled the militia of that state in an effort to uphold the laws. The recent fight to the death in the neighborhood of Atlanta has clarified the atmosphere, so to speak.

Bloody South Carolina has passed anti-lynching laws, although the Senators from that state have engaged in a fisticuff in the Senate of the United States. Gov. Aycock, of hapless North Carolina, has offered rewards aggregating \$30,000 for the lynchers of two colored boys, and that son of old Virginia, Governor A. J. Montague, is pressing to a successful termination the conviction of the lynchers of Charles Craven at Leesburg, Va.

"Shall the wheels of race agitation be stopped?" I think that the answer is already given. If the National Afro-American Council breaks down, another similar organization must be created. The colored people of the country are not in the humor to tolerate child's play in the face of the present bloody conditions. We have state after state nullifying the 14th and 15th Amendments to the Constitution of the United States and the Supreme Court has winked at a plain violation of the 13th Amendment.

The situation in the Philippines will yet prove to be a danger signal, warning the colored brother of what may be done with him. On the other hand, there is

much to be done among our own people. The lawless, insulting, disreputable classes must be restrained and to an extent at least forced to the background, and the new self-respecting, persistent, race-loving citizen of color brought to the front. Our efforts should now be directed towards changing the type of the Negro with which this country is acquainted through the medium of the white press and the southern orators who annually malign and misrepresent us.

We must agitate until the country comes to know that the slave and the slavish Negro is a thing of the past and that there now stands forth the polite, affable, progressive business citizen of color who is ready to take his place in the economic equation of the New World. Let us agitate until our traducers learn to measure our progress in the language of Douglass, "not by the heights to which we have ascended, but rather by the depths from which we have come."

We live in the Southland, but the section in which we live knows us not. We have been forced, so to speak, to make bricks without straw, to build up financial institutions without finance, to engage in business without business knowledge, to experiment with the arteries of trade without knowing any of the laws by which they are guided and directed. The very oppressive laws which have been the source of our complaint have proven God-sends in that they have driven us closer together in our distress, and caused a friendly feeling to run between those who would otherwise be enemies. It has forced us to begin the building of a nation within a nation until we see colored men with dry goods stores run and patronized by colored people. We see groceries, boot and shoe establishments, millinery stores, wood and coal depots, jewelry stores, cotton mills, broom factories, machine shops, with colored men as insurance managers and presidents, real estate agents, publishers, authors, bank cashiers and bank presidents, scientists, theologians, lawyers, statesmen, representatives to foreign countries, physicians, surgeons, contractors, funeral directors, machinists,

surveyors, artists, photographers and representatives in various vocations of life. The value of the property owned by colored people in Richmond, Va., is one million dollars, and the tide is still rising. The value of the property owned by the colored people of the state is fifteen million dollars, and that of the colored people of the United States, according to conservative estimates, will exceed \$800,000,000.

Again I ask the question, "Shall the wheels of race agitation be stopped?"

No, no, we must continue to agitate, while we continue to work, and, if we cannot do better, we must assign to a brigade of the race the duty of agitating, until this country shall be thoroughly awakened to a realization of the vastness of the work which we are now performing. I am now and have always been opposed to that spirit which places us as a people in the role of beggars.

We demand rights; we crave favors. We have privileges which belong to us and which certain prejudiced elements are constantly endeavoring to curtail and deny. We must agitate to the end. It should not be forgotten that the agitator has been the forerunner of all great movements. He has led the way in all reformations. It was about four years ago that I strolled to the depot of the Southern railway in this city to see the troops bring in four persons: three women and one man. Mary Abernathy and Pokey Barnes had been condemned to die upon the gallows, and Solomon Marable had been assigned the same fate. Mary Barnes was sentenced to ten years in the Virginia penitentiary. These people had been convicted of the murder of Mrs. Lucy Jane Pollard, an aged white resident of Lunenburg county, Va., who resided near Fort Mitchell, Va.

I saw the soldiers who had stood guard at the trial to prevent their being lynched file from the train, and in their midst were the prisoners hand-cuffed together. This scene moved me in a way that caused me to feel that I would make the effort of my life to save the women from the gallows. Turning to Mr. J. C. Farley, I announced that I would

stake the Planet Office and the outfit in an effort to make good my word.

Three of Virginia's ablest attorneys were employed and the work of agitation began. As the prisoners had been tried without counsel, there were no bills of exceptions upon which to base our plea for a new trial. In Lunenburg county the white populace were demanding their blood and in Richmond there was a feeling of indifference. As these women stood then, it seems that our race stands to-day. Then began the work of agitation.

To keep the prisoners in the Richmond city jail was life; to send them to the Lunenburg county jail was death. The Sheriff from the county was foiled in his effort to secure their removal and Gov. O'Ferrall stood his ground and prevented their removal. The space is too limited to tell the story of that agitation extending over a period of one year and six months. I was warned by the Pinkerton detective, whom I had employed, not to visit Lunenburg county. After a continuation of the struggle, a change of venue was granted, and the case was set for trial in the adjoining county of Prince Edward. This was after one of the most brilliant legal fights ever witnessed in the state of Virginia. It was after a signal victory by the counsel for the prisoners. Many nights I was wandering through the streets of the city on a lookout for the lynchers.

The trial at Farmville will be long remembered. I was at Staunton, when a telegram was received from the senior counsel requesting that I should come to Farmville, Va., at once, the scene of the trial. Here was David James Thompson, of whom Solomon Marable went to his death declaring that he (Thompson) had forced him to assist him in murdering Mrs. Pollard and securing from the belt around her waist about \$800. I need not remark that Thompson was a white man who had declared that he would shoot John Mitchell, Jr., on sight.

The telegram read to me like a death-warrant, but the next train out from Staunton bore me towards Farmville by way of Richmond, where I prepared to

meet the fate which seemed to be in store for me. I reached my destination. I saw David James Thompson. In fact, I seldom took my eyes from that direction, believing that God would give me the strength to have my one wish gratified—to journey on to the other world in company with the man who was lucky enough to kill me.

I cannot prolong the story. Suffice it to say that in the midst of one of the greatest oratorical displays in the history of the state, the good, open-hearted Mary Abernathy was again convicted, and death was adjudged her portion.

The jury that convicted her will always rest vividly on my mind. Some of them had unkempt hair, their heads seeming to have been unacquainted with a comb and a stranger to a brush. Some were in their shirt sleeves, some had trousers with one leg long and the other leg short, some had jackets which would have done credit to Rip Van Winkle, and some looked as though a square meal was not an altogether every day blessing of a country life.

As the lawyers were discussing and the case was being heard, these men were whittling sticks. Tears involuntarily came to the eyes, but these men were whittling sticks. The announcement of the verdict, while a surprise to the counsel, was none to me. That good old Christian woman was led back to the jail, while sympathy was expressed for her undone condition.

On the next morning, the conscientious Commonwealth's attorney, Judge Asa D. Watkins, announced that he would not submit the case of Pokey Barnes to the jury. He was convinced of her innocence and asked the permission of the court to enter a nolle prosequi. The request was granted, and I accompanied the much persecuted woman to this city.

I went to Lynchburg, to which Mary Abernathy had been removed for safe-keeping pending her removal to the Farmville jail for execution, and brought her, too, to Richmond. I went to the penitentiary and brought therefrom Mary Barnes, the mother of Pokey. I stood at the gallows and saw Solomon

Marable take his last plunge to eternity and from his own lips heard him tell the story of the murder, declaring that a white man had forced him to assist in the crime and had instructed him to implicate the women. I promised him that I would deliver his message to his wife and two children, and that his body should be sent to his wife at Stovall, N. C. I kept my word, although I was arrested upon the charge of stealing his body. I need not tell of my visit to the dead-house of the Medical College of Virginia, of my securing the body from a barrel in which it had been placed, of my sending of a funeral director, W. S. Selden, to North Carolina with the remains, and of the dropping of the case against me.

The three women are alive and well in this city to-day and are as free as any citizen in the republic. They owe their lives to kind friends, both white and colored, and to agitation. "Shall the wheels of race agitation be stopped?" I think I have demonstrated that we cannot afford to do it. The watchmen must remain upon the wall until the night of oppression shall have passed. They must cry aloud until the God of Heaven hears our appeals and the heart of the American nation is touched.

It may be that we shall spend many years in accomplishing the desired results, but "come it will, the day decreed by fate."

I know that the progress at times seems slow, that these disagreements of race leaders are embarrassing and disheartening, but the principles for which we are contending are marching on.

I have never lost faith in my people. They have been hampered by poverty and blinded by ignorance, but—the day is now breaking. And while we feel a tinge of sadness over the recent exhibition at St. Paul, Minn., let us remember that despite all of this—the morning cometh. For my part, when the end shall come to me and the suns setting rays tell me of the dissolution of the body and the ear bring to my failing senses the last strains of earthly music, if I can scan the pages of my race's achievement and see thereon the recorded efforts of a manly people, if the agitators have laid down their pens and stilled their voices and Judge Lynch has retired from the field, then and not until then shall I nod approval and join in the refrain of the faithful, declaring that the wheels of race agitation shall be stopped.

FLORENCE GREY.

A THREE-PART STORY. PART II.

RUTH D. TODD.

CHAPTER IV.

It was midnight. During the early part of the evening a heavy storm had been approaching, so that by now it was raging with all the fury of Hades. The wind blew with such cruel violence as to uproot trees and scatter destruction in its path. Great flashes of vivid lightning lit up the country for miles around and heavy thunder shook the earth with its deep and deafening roar. Accompanying this was a downpour of drenching rain, but despite

this fact, Dick Vanbrugh, the elegant gentleman and Long Tom, the young Negro scoundrel, had both dared to brave its fury. Vanbrugh swearing as he drew his long ulster closer about him, that he would brave hell itself; and Long Tom being in very destitute circumstances, swore the same oath. So that by the time they reached their meeting place, both were possessed of decidedly bad tempers.

"Beastly night, this, my man," said Vanbrugh.

"Sartinly is, an' dangerous 'neath these trees, sah," answered Tom.

"I know, but where the devil can we go, fellow?" asked Vanbrugh, rather sharply.

"I was thinking dat de boss might not mind goin' round to my shanty, a little piece up de woods dar; I lives dar by myself."

"Anywhere out of this! Lead on!"

And both men struggled on until they reached the entrance of a lone cabin situated in the heart of the woods. Tom unlocked the door, and pushing it open so that Vanbrugh might enter first, apologetically said:

"'Tain't much better in heah, but it's better'n bein' out in de rain, though."

Dick felt like telling the fellow to go to thunder, but instead he entered the place and cast a deprecating glance around at the few pieces of furniture (if two chairs, a table and an old ante bellum bedstead could be given that name) and asked Tom why the devil did he bring him to such a beastly hole!

To which Tom replied that "'Tis de best place I knows on, and de gent could select a better if he has a mind to."

The elegant Richard Vanbrugh being exceedingly out of temper and growing more angry each moment, told Tom to "Shut up!" that "He wanted none of his damned insolence," adding that it would be better if he appeared more respectful in the presence of a gentleman.

And Tom, being only a low-class Negro, followed this advice.

Meanwhile, Vanbrugh lit a cigar and paced the dusty floor back and forth; presently he drew off his ulster, threw it over the back of a chair and continued to pace the floor in moody silence.

By this time, the fire of pine bark and twigs which blazed on the old-fashioned hearth had sucked up the dampness of the apartment; and after a few more strides he went over to the fire and seated himself. He felt more comfortable now and in somewhat better humor.

"Well, Tom, it's about time to come to business now, unless we—that is, I—intend to remain here all night. Here is a cigar for you—and, about this business?" But here Vanbrugh hesitated.

It was a nasty piece of business, but must be done.

"By thunder, I hate to confide in anyone, but then, this fellow is only a Negro, and will hold his tongue for fear of getting his neck broken, and besides I must have help from some one," he told himself. Then he said to Tom:

"Tom, you must have suspected something when you came upon me so suddenly this afternoon; so fire away and let me hear all about it."

Then Tom told him that he had followed him around for several days, and learned that he was trying to get in with the wench Florence—

But here Vanbrugh interrupted him sternly, almost fiercely, bidding him never to speak lightly of that young lady again or it would be the worse for him, adding:

"Yes, I have taken a fancy for her, but there is no way on earth of winning her until she is in my power. But to accomplish that, I am afraid she will have to be abducted. And you, my man are the only one who could do this."

Tom's keen eyes glistened like the bright orbs of some hideous reptile, but he said nothing, and Vanbrugh asked savagely:

"Well, and why the devil don't you answer me?"

Long Tom grinned diabolically, rubbed his hands together and replied:

"I'm thinkin' it's a mighty tough piece of business, an' if I gits ketched it'll go mighty hard wid me."

"You lie! What you want is money—and what I want is this girl Florence. You can kidnap her as easily as I can snap my fingers, and you will kidnap her if I pay you well. I will also add that money is of no consequence to me, and being very wealthy, I am always exceedingly liberal to those whom I employ. Am I plain enough, or do you wish to name your sum before you begin?"

"Oh, no, boss, no need of dat till after I gits her for you, and dat I kin do as soon as you likes."

"Very well then, here are my plans: Some time in August—I will see you

later to set the date—some evening you are to kidnap this girl and—you know where the 'Haunted Towers' are? Well, you are to bring her there, where I will have a closed carriage in readiness, and once we get her in the carriage the rest will be quite easily managed. You are to drive us to a little country place of mine some ten or fifteen miles beyond the village—but enough of the plan, I will tell you everything when I am in a better temper. To-morrow I leave Belmont Grange; and I am to be seen by no one save you, in these parts again. And I will only see you once, which will be—let me see—on August the first, at midnight here in your cabin."

And the storm having, in the meantime, abated, Vanbrugh arose and drew on his long ulster. Then, taking out his wallet, he handed Tom five or six bank notes.

"This will do you until I see you again, so *au revoir*," and he was soon swallowed up in the darkness without.

CHAPTER V.

July had gone, and half of August. Mrs. Grey's summer residence was now filled with the most charming of guests.

It was a lovely day, being the month of August. It was hot, but not unpleasantly so, for a slight breeze, together with the refreshing shadows of the tall and wide-spreading old trees had helped to rob the day of its fervor. A party of young people had assembled together and gone to explore the ruins of the "Haunted Towers," which was about three-quarters of a mile from Grey's Villa.

There was a legend associated with the "Haunted Towers," from which it derived its name.

Many years ago, the "Haunted Towers," named then Wycliffe Towers, was the principal house of the county, and gallant men and beautiful women had danced, flirted and made merry through its spacious halls and apartments.

The last master was Philip Wycliffe, a handsome, though quick tempered young fellow, possessed of a jealous, passionate nature.

Philip married a beautiful girl, who was a born coquette.

One night they gave a grand ball, at which fete the beautiful, inconstant young wife flirted outrageously. When the ball was over and all the guests had departed, the young husband called his wife to task about her scandalous conduct.

Hot, bitter words ensued, whereupon Philip snatched his father's sword from off the wall and plunged it through his wife's heart. With an agonized shriek she fell across the bed, her life's blood dyeing her white ball gown and the canopied bed as she fell.

When the young husband realized what he had done, he ran from the room screaming, "I have killed Pauline, my beautiful wife!" He still carried the sword in his hand, and just as he reached the entrance doors he stumbled and fell upon the sword, which, being still wet with the life blood of his wife, pierced his heart.

They buried the couple in the family vault and closed the old place up. No one has ever lived there since, and the superstitious and weak-minded declared that the place was haunted. Some had even gone so far as to declare that every night at about midnight one could hear the piercing shriek of a woman, then a little while after that, the agonized groan of a man's voice, a dull thud and then the hurrying of many feet and much lamenting, until after a while all sounds would die away and a ghostly silence reign.

This had caused no little terror among the Negroes and poor white people down in the village and at night it was absolutely impossible to induce the weak-minded ones to traverse the road which led past the Towers.

Richard Vanbrugh had heard this same legend, and it had strengthened his decision of having Florence brought there, for any noise they would cause would only make the Negroes take good care to avoid the place.

In the meantime, the pleasures and amusements at Grey's Villa continued to flow incessantly.

To-night one of the grandest lawn parties of the season would take place. Everything the Greys did was in proper style and of the first class.

Her lawn was decked beautifully to suit the occasion. Rows of quaint Chinese lanterns were swung over head, and comfortable rustic seats and small tables were placed here and there throughout the spacious lawn.

At one end of the lawn a grand dancing pavilion was erected and decked with trailing evergreens and huge tropical plants. Here the lights were more brilliant than the dull red glare of the lanterns, for in some unique way an arch of brilliant lights were stationed just above the heads of the orchestra.

I have previously said that Florence was lovely, but to-night she seemed peerless in her strange young beauty. Her mass of brilliant black hair was coiled and pinned in a loose knot at the back of her queenly head, and her graceful figure was set off to advantage by a gown of rich black lace and flashing jet, from the low cut bodice of which rose her gleaming white shoulders and swan-like throat in charming loveliness.

The women envied her her beautiful face and queen-like carriage, while not a few of the men adored—worshipped the ground she trod upon.

Among the latter, Jack Warrington could be classed, for he was her constant shadow—her most ardent admirer, and Florence looked upon him with no little favor.

He was a tall, light fellow, with large grey eyes and curling black hair, and many were the admiring glances bestowed upon his graceful person as he moved through the crowd in search of the girl of his heart, with whom he was to dance the next dance.

"This is our next dance, Miss Grey," he whispered, when he had found her.

"Yes, I know, I had not forgotten," she answered, with one of her sweetest smiles. The next moment his arm was around her waist and they were slowly whirling away amid the crowd. For the moment he forgot all—everything, in the joy of being near, touching the girl he loved with all the intensity of his pas-

sionate soul. And when it was over, he led her out on the lawn in one of the most secluded spots so as to tell her of his love. It mastered, overpowered him so that he could contain himself no longer.

"Miss Grey—Florence," he began, his voice trembling with passion, "I have brought you here, away from all the crowd to tell you that I love you! Yes, I love you, Florence; I have loved you since the day I first met you. Won't you be my wife, dearest Florence?" For a moment he waited until the silence proved unbearable, and he felt that he must get her to raise her eyes to his at any cost. "Wait, darling, I have frightened you—I was too abrupt and you are angry with me, but oh Florence, the joy of having you all to myself overpowered me. Something within me—my heart whispered the words—I love you. And I cannot still its mad beating. Won't you come to my arms, dear Florence? Won't you rest your beautiful head upon my heart and whisper to me that you love me?" And with one hand he raised her beautiful face to his, while the other went gently around her waist.

"Ah, you do love me, Florence. I can see it in your eyes; speak to me, dear one."

For a moment her beautiful dark eyes gazed into his passionate orbs, then her head fell upon his breast, but not before he caught the faint whisper, "Ah, Jack, my Jack, how I do love you." And he drew her close to him in a passionate embrace and spent his kisses upon her upturned face, and called her his sweetheart, pet, and lastly his dear wife.

Florence was the first to awake from this beautiful dream, and with a little cry she whispered: "Oh, Jack, it is late—we must join the others now." "No, no, dearest, let me have you a little while longer; let's see, we are to dance the next together, and it is just beginning. We will sit it out. But you must be chilly; wait here a moment while I go and get you a shawl."

And after giving her another passionate embrace, he left her with the words: "I won't be gone long."

Florence lay back in her seat and closed her eyes so that her dream of love would appear more vivid. She wondered if there was another girl in all the world so happy as she, wondering if there was any other as loving and handsome as her Jack.

Suddenly she heard a slight noise, and slowly unclosing her eyes she turned her head to look; seeing nothing, she lay back again. In another moment she felt a hot breath close to her ear, and with a little cry, she started to her feet, at the same time she was caught in the strong embrace of a man who held a drugged kerchief to her nostrils. She tried to scream—to call Jack, but the words died on her lips; she gave a piteous moan—a suffocating gasp, and sank into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER VI.

Dick Vanbrugh was restlessly pacing the white sandy road which lay before the Haunted Towers. His covered carriage stood a little distance from the roadway, 'neath the dense shadows of the overhanging trees, through the interstices of which the moon gleamed like long slits of pale silver. There was an air of discontent about him as with both hands thrust into his trousers pockets and a frown on his handsome brow he would pause in the midst of his restless pacing and gaze expectantly into the distance.

He pulled out his watch and saw by the light of the pale, round moon overhead that it was 12.30 o'clock. "I wonder what makes that confounded Negro so late?" he murmured to himself. "We will barely have time to reach Lesterville if he doesn't show up soon—ah, there he is now!" he exclaimed, as the form of Long Tom appeared in the middle of the road, with the girl Florence slung over his shoulder.

He withdrew behind the safe shadow of his carriage as Tom, struggling bravely on, drew nearer.

The rough jolting, together with the cool, refreshing night breeze had helped to revive the girl, who was now moaning piteously and struggling to free herself

from the man's embrace. Her brain was clouded. She could remember nothing distinctly, but she did remember the party, the dance, and afterwards Jack's dear arms about her and his passionate love words in her ear. And then Jack left her—the strange noise, and, oh, God, that man! "Help, oh help!" she cried, fighting desperately to free herself. At the same time Vanbrugh rushed up, pretended to knock Long Tom down and received the girl, who had now fainted, in his arms. For a moment he held her passionately to his heart. "Ah, dear heaven, this one passionate embrace repays me for all that I have suffered! I would brave the world—all for her dear sake," he murmured fervently.

Long Tom had already clambered up to the coachman's seat, and had driven the horses around so that the carriage now stood in the road.

But just at this time the girl regained her senses, and with a faint cry, she staggered to her feet. "Jack! Jack! Oh, where am I!" she cried, gazing bewilderedly about her.

"Pardon me, miss, but an attempted insult has been played upon you, I fear; and I am indeed glad that I was near enough to render you my assistance," said Vanbrugh, in his most charming and gallant manner.

"Oh, thank you so much, sir, but you will not leave me. I—oh, my brain is so confused—but you will not let him touch me, sir?" she cried, piteously.

"Have no fear of that, miss. I will drive you home in my carriage if you will allow me that honor."

"Then you know who I am, sir?" she asked, trying to get a glimpse of his face. But that crafty gentleman kept his face averted.

"Pardon me, my dear young lady, but I think every one about the country here knows who Miss Florence Grey is," he answered, at the same time assisting her into the carriage. Then, springing in himself, he closed the door, and the rubber-tired vehicle rumbled noiselessly, though with great speed, down, instead of up the road. And Vanbrugh with a triumphant expression in his eyes, set-

threw himself back in the dense shadow of the carriage.

Florence's brain was, by this time, growing clearer, and as she looked out the carriage window, she saw that the carriage was taking her from instead of to her home. With a faint cry, she turned to Vanbrugh, but a turn in the road had thrown the moonlight full upon his face, and she saw before her the man who had several times attempted a flirtation with her. Involuntarily, she started to her feet with an expression of indignation stamped upon her every feature.

"Sir! What does this mean!" she demanded.

"It means, dearest Florence, that I love you and want you to be my wife. I love you, Florence. I have loved you since the day I first saw you. Forgive me, my darling, but when I first beheld your beautiful face, I swore then that I would make you my beloved mistress, but when I attempted to flirt with you I saw that I could only win you by making you my wife. As I also saw that it was impossible to make you my wife until I had you in my power, I concluded to have you abducted so that I would have a chance to win your love. Be mine, dear Florence, and you shall have servants by the score. I will take you abroad, where the difference of color will not be questioned. You shall live in a palace amid a grove of orange trees, and with spacious balconies leading down to a bay as blue as the heavens above. Darling of my heart, if you will——"

During this passionate love avowal, the girl had remained standing with features as white and as immovable as a marble statue. And no pen could describe the expression of scorn and contempt that flashed from her beautiful eyes. And when he fell on his knees before her and attempted to catch her beautiful hands in his, she drew back with a scornful gesture and hissed:

"Wretch! Do not dare to touch me! Oh, I hate, I despise you! Let me out at once, or I shall scream for help!"

Dick Vanbrugh was confounded. That this colored girl had refused his

offer of love and marriage, he, the Hon. Richard Vanbrugh, who could, with very little effort marry of the first society astounded, dazed him.

"Florence," he said, trying to gain one of her hands.

"Wretch! Dastard! Do not dare to touch me, I say! Stand aside, or else open this door and let me pass out of your hated presence!"

Vanbrugh had not dreamed that this beautiful creature was possessed of so much spirit. Her words stung, maddened him, while her beauty set his soul on fire; but with a great effort he calmed himself, and his voice was quite calm when next he addressed her.

"My dear Florence, calm yourself, for when you leave this carriage you will be either my promised wife or my prisoner. Why not be reasonable and leave it as my adored one?"

"Coward! Wretch! I would die first! I tell you I will never marry you—no, never! For I hate you! Let me out or I shall scream for help!"

"That would be very foolish, as well as quite useless, for we are far beyond all hearing distance. Be seated, loved one, or I am afraid you will be quite exhausted by the time we reach our destination."

"Oh, God, what would you do! Surely, you would not take me away against my will! Ah, you would not—you could not be so heartless!"

"Heartless! Oh, my love, it is you who are heartless. I love you with the intensity of my soul! I love you better than my honor—better than my life," he exclaimed, with a passion that shook his whole person. Florence caught a glimpse of his passionate face, and, dastard that he was, a little pity stole into her heart for him; but remembering the cowardly trick he had played upon her, her hatred crushed it out.

"Why, oh why, can you not love or even pity me, Florence? I have suffered tortures since I first gazed upon your fatal beauty. But if you give me one good reason why you do not love me, I—oh, God, how it pains me to say it! But I will let you go."

"I cannot love you, sir," replied Flor-

ence as gently as she could, "because I love another, and even if I did not, I don't think that I could ever love you."

A jealous pang smote his heart, and with a smothered oath he hissed, his hot breath falling with fearful force on her neck:

"By heavens! No! I yield thee to no man! And by fair or foul means, I shall make you my wife!"

Thinking of the loving mother, devoted lover, and all of her dear friends and companions, the beautiful girl fell on her knees before him.

"Oh, sir, see, I kneel, I pray, I entreat you to let me go. If there is one spark of manly feeling within your breast let me go to those I love and who love me. If I should give my consent to marry you, no good would result from such an unholy union."

How beautiful she looked. On her pale, upturned face he could not see the misery, he only saw her beauty which fascinated, stole his senses from him. He could scarcely control the impulse to clasp her to his heart, to kiss rapturously the soft, scarlet lips.

"My God, Florence, I would be mad to give you up. No I cannot, by heavens, I will not let you go! For I love you—you are dearer to me than heaven itself!"

"Oh, God," she cried, rising slowly to her feet, "Is there indeed no hope—no chance of escape from this villain whom I hate with all the intensity of my soul!" Then turning her white, set face to him, she said:

"Coward! I see there is no chance of escape, but my friends will some day come to my rescue, though if they should fail to find me, I shall never give up hope until my hair is gray and my back bent double, and death is staring me in the face. Now, do your worst, for I will never, never, change my decision."

"We shall see, my fair one," he answered, and the girl, not even glancing at him, seated herself in the corner of

the vehicle, and gazed out of the window.

During this time the carriage had been speeding rapidly along the highway, and in two hours' time it stopped before the tall entrance gate of a beautiful, vine-clad villa.

Jenks opened the door, alighted, and held out his hand to assist Florence, saying:

"Welcome to Lesterville, your future home, my darling; though this is but a playhouse to what I would give you if you would only say the word."

Florence answered him with not so much as a look, but sprung past his hand to the ground. It was chilly in the early morning atmosphere, and being clad in her low-cut evening gown, Florence shuddered slightly.

"What a brute I am," said Jenks, and feeling in the carriage he drew forth a dark, though lightweight wrap and threw it about her shoulders as they proceeded towards the house. With a latch key he noiselessly opened the door; at the same time a fat, black, middle aged woman emerged from a doorway and approached them with loud and hearty exclamations:

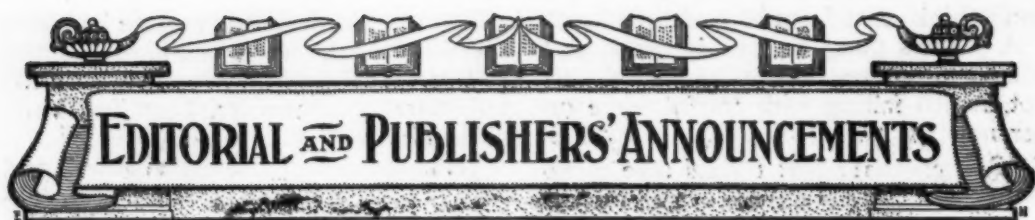
"Lord, is dat you, Mr. Rich'd? None o' de oder sarvints is up yit. I hope yo' don't mind, sah, cos it's jest little af' five o'clock. Lord, is dis Miss Kate? Po' ting, she 'pears kind er tired."

"Yes, mammy, this is the much talked of Miss Kate. Show her to her room now; this long journey has fatigued both of us considerably."

"My po' boy, 'deed honey, jest you go to yer own room, an' af' I show Miss Kate hers, I'll make bof' on you a strong cup o' coffee."

This short dialogue did not surprise Florence; indeed, she was prepared for anything that might happen, for what dastard trick was this villain not capable of? But let come what may, she would put her faith and trust in the One who always looks down upon His little ones when they are in trouble.

(To be concluded.)



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The resignation of Andrew Sledd, professor of Latin language and literature in Emory College, Oxford, Ga., is an incident of more than ordinary im-

portance growing out of the race problem. Prof. Sledd tendered his resignation because of severe criticisms which were made by the officials and friends of the college of an article written by him and printed in the Atlantic Monthly a short time ago, in which he discussed the relations of Negroes and whites in the South.

Prof. Sledd is a southern man and was reared and educated in Virginia, and this made his offense all the worse in the eyes of his critics. He charged that the present condition of the Negroes was largely due to the whites, who had disregarded all their rights and privileges, and had discriminated against them because of their color. In the course of an article he said: "If the Negro could be made to feel that he is regarded and dealt with as a responsible, if humble, member of society, the most perplexing features of this problem would be at once simplified and would shortly, in normal course, disappear." Instead of this, he said, the Negro was placed on the level of the animal and treated as such. "How few, alas, how few words of gentleness and courtesy ever come to the black man's ears," said the professor; "but harsh and imperious words, coarseness and cursing, how they come upon him, whether with excuse or in the frenzy of unjust and unreasoning passion."

The indignation which this article aroused was all the more bitter and